LOVE AND REVENGE:

A Tragedy.

Acted at the DUKE'S *THEATRE.*

Written by *Elkanah Settle*, Servant to his MAJESTY.

LONDON,
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LOVE.

A TRAGEDY.

Acted at the DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by Nathaniel Lee, Servant
to His MAJESTY.

LONDON,

TO THE MOST

ILLUSTRIOUS and most RENOWNED

PRINCE

WILLIAM,

DUKE OF

NEWCASTLE,

ONE OF HIS

MAJESTIES most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

May it please your Grace,

THat so worthless a Present to so Eminent a Person, is a piece of Arrogance, I am as Conscious as I am that your Grace *has Goodness to Pardon it; for if sins of Presumption could not be forgiven, the punishment of Offences would put a restraint on Virtue, and*

make Mercy one of the noblest Ornaments of Greatness a Stranger to it; and at that rate a Patron would be as confined as a Judge, who at the same time he is a Kings Representative, and presides over Justice, is a Slave to it; whilst his Sentence is but the voyce of Law, & his Favour or Cruelty, not voluntary, but prescribed. Your Patronage is not so bounded, your Favours are unlimited, and your Grace *can execute a more peculiar Kingly power; You can give Pardons, and by your Smiles create Merit where you do not find it. But above that Title of a favourer of Poetry, which single Attribute were enough to make the* Muses *your Votaries; the World is sensible of your Conspicuous Eminence in more adorable Qualities. In a* Duke of Newcastle *Wit has found a Pillar, Valour a Pattern, Loyalty a Standart, and* England *a Patriot: In which rank of* Heroes *so placed and so adorned, your* Grace *has the advantage over both the ancient* Worthyes, *and those of the present Age. For when* Homer *or* Virgil *Character'd* Greatness, *with them the Walls of Cityes were built by the Hands of Gods, their*

Heroes

Heroes *descended from* Deities, *and their* Divinities *personally Interested in National Quarrels; whilst the almost fabulous Gallantry they painted, was set off by False Lights, and so their Presidents of Glory were but things of Noyse and works of Art. But your* Grace *lives in an Age where* History *and* Poetry *are the Representations of Nature; and he that describes your Worth, draws your true Self; and Story must render you* Illustrious *by Glories that are your Own: And when Fame (which will preserve your* Memory *longer then* Marble *can your Ashes) shall speak of a* Newcastle; *its Authority will be undisputable, as its Subject is inimitable. Nor can this Age (should it joyn the* Noblest Blood, *and the most forward Courage in one Person,) raise your Equal. For Loyalty now under a Flourishing* King, *is but like Ripe Fruits in Summer: The kindness of the Season, & the Blessing of the warm Sun take off their Rarity, and lessen their Price. But you, my Lord, are the truest and noblest Miracle of Honour, whose Arms, whose Policy, and whose Fortunes were Vigorously engaged, and as Gloriously*

gloriously signaliz'd under a great, but drooping Cause; whose Fidelity was ripend by the Influence of a declining Sun. Thus the faithful Newcastle laid a foundation for Immortality; and to compleat so fair a Structure, Fate conspired with his just and sacred Ambition. For when Rebellion durst strike at Majesty, and the Quarrel of a threatned King had made Newcastle an Assertour of his Countreys Freedom, Victory waited on his Arms, and added Gems to his Coronet, when it deserted a Crown; wherever he led in Person, Conquest attended him, and his Royal Cause had never sunk, had Newcastle admitted of Rivals; had all its Champions been as great Favourites of Fortune as He. But Providence, as it had more particularly obliged your Grace with extraordinary Parts and Ornaments of Nature, so it adjusted the Laurels which it gave you, to the Merit of the Brow that wore them. Nor did your Honours spring only from the Trophies of the Field, the Harvest of War: Your Glory began its Ascension, before it had those steps Conquest and Triumph to mount upon. His late Majesty of

ever

ever blessed Memory out of the Deserving Nobility of England, *singled out your* Grace *for the Care of a Nations Hopes, the Tuition of a* Prince *of* Wales: *So visible were your Sacred principles of Honour, that they were thought fit to be precepts for an Heir to a Crown, and by that powerful inspirer Education, to be imprinted in the Bosom of a growing Majesty. In which high Trust, your Grace reacht that height which* Seneca *could not arrive to. He, though in his Learning and Integrity he resembled You, met not your Success in the stubborn* Nero. *Providence has justly lengthen'd out your happy Life, to see the prosperous Raign of a Great, a Pious, and Gracious* Monarch *in your Royal Charge. Thus whilst your Matchless Gallantry has rendred your Character so great in the* Records *of Fame, and your Worth an Object for a Kingdoms Veneration; in the vast numbers of those whom the Admiration of your Virtues has made your Creatures, I, in presenting you an ill Play, have made the meanest Offering to your* Grace; *yet I*

humi-

Humbly beg You would not condemn an Effect that has a Cause so powerful. Every one cannot be deserving in Crowds; & not to have your Admirers numerous, is as impossible, as 'tis for your Grace to bid your Fame spread thus far, and no farther; whilst That knows no bounds, They must be Infinite; which is the only justification of

Your Graces

Most Devoted, most Humble, and most Obedient Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

The

PROLOGUE.

PLays without Scene, Machin, or Dance, to hit,
Must make up the defect of shew, with Wit.
As sometimes course Girle takes in homely Gown
Whose Beauty, though 'tis little, is her own,
Before a gaudy Ribberer of the Town.
So 'tis with Plays; and though a Gaudy sight,
Song, Dance, and Shew, more briskly, move delight;
And there th'advantage get o're plain dresst sense;
Yet Wit and Object have this difference.
As poor raw Girls expresse in their Loves Arms,
With untaught Kindnesse, their unpractis'd Charms,
Whilst a Town-Mistriss, with a much more gay
And lively aire, does th'amorous Wanton play.
Yet they in this perfection get the start:
Their Excellence is Nature, hers but Art.
Yet still 'tis Object has a pow'r most strong:
Nature 'tis true delights you, but not long.
'Tis fine Plays draw an everlasting throng.
So with plain Girls one Night or two you'l sleep:
But a gay Mistris for whole years you'l keep.
Yet though your kindness lyes another way;
Our modest Author humbly begs he may
Crowd in this Entertainment: for one Night
Divert, though not content your Appetite.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Nigrella* in a Mans Habit, but in a white Wig, and her Face discover'd.

Ladies, this Play our Author stole from You,
Here he your Anger, there your Influence drew;
And whilst such Love, and such Revenge he made,
He both your Honour and your Charms survey'd.
From you then let this Play Protection take,
Whilst Beauties judge the Characters they make.
But such a Lover as you've seen to day,
I fear you rarely meet but in a Play.
Marriage 'tis true, goes on in the old Road,
But dying-Lovers are quite out of Mode;
Search but the Kalendar, and I'm mistaken,
If you find Saints or Martyrs of Loves making.
No, Courtiers now take a quite different way,
As, Madam you're so pretty, and so gay,
Gad take me, I could throw a heart away
On such a Charming Rogue. Come, is't a Match?
Hang studying; there's nothing like dispatch.
I am for Marrying, whilst our Bloods are hot,
You shall have Coach, and Feyniture, and what not.
So if she likes her Man, the Fort is won;
If not, they kiss, and part, and no harm's done.

EPILOGUE.

As for despairing Lovers I'Hang, Stab, Drown,
Or run Mad when their cruel Ladies frown;
There's no such thing in Nature. So much Rage,
Is none of the Diseases of this Age.
But though your Charms such worthless Captives take,
And through the Ages lightness rively make
Amongst all your numerous Slaves, one Sacrifice,
Who at the feet of a harsh Mistris dyes,
The fault's not in your Beauty, but their Eyes.

Actors Names.

Clotair, Heir of *France*, & afterwards King.	Mr. *Smith.*
Lewis his Brother.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Brisack, *Aphelias* Brother.	Mr. *Norris.*
Clarmount, the Queens Favourite, and Marshal of *France.*	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Dumain, *Lamot*, *Chlotildas* Brothers.	Mr. *John Lee* / Mr. *Gillow.*
Burbon,	Mr. *Purseval.*
Nigrello, a Moor, and Favourite to the Queen & *Chlotair*, being *Chlotilda* in disguise,	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Fredigond, the Queen,	Mrs, *Osborn.*
Aphelia a Court-Lady.	Mrs. *Batterton.*

Petitioners, Villains, Lords, Guards, Attendants, and Ladies.

Love & Revenge.

ACT the First. Scene the First.

Enter Dumane *and* Lamot, *Attired as two poor Souldiers.*

Dum. WE are not safe, *Lamot*, this Bawdy Peace
Begets a War within me; our Swords (worn
For Ornament, not Use. The Drum (and Trumpet
Sing Drunken Carolls, and the Can- (non speaks
Health, not Confusion. Helmets turn'd to Cups,
And our bruis'd Arms administer discourse
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft finds a Pitty, not Relief. I'le tell thee,
We're walking Images, the signs of Men,
And bear about us nothing but the form
Of Man that's manly.

Lam. We are cold indeed.

Dum. Yes, and th'ungrateful time
As coldly does reward us: All our actions,
Attempts of Valour, lookt into with eyes
Full of contempt; when, ye great Gods, they know
It is our Gifts they see yet. Oh I'm mad,
The very breath that lends 'em life to scorn us,
Our Blood has paid for.

Lam. Patience good *Dumane.*

Dum. *Lamot*, thou knowst I can be patient:
With what an equal temper did I breath
Under the frozen Climates of the North.
Where in my Arms, the sheets of War, I slept.
My Bed being Feather'd with the Down of Heav'n,
I have lay'n down a Man, and rose a Snow-ball.
Yet these have been my pastimes, which I 'ave born
As Willingly, as I receiv'd 'em Nobly.
The Queens black Malice, which does still remain
Unmovable as the decrees of Fate
Arm'd for our Ruine, does not swell my Gall:
No, nor this willing Beggary I wear,
To cloud me from her Malice. By the Gods,
This Bastard-getting Peace unspirits me,
A greater Corrasive to my active soul
Then all past Ills what-ever.

Lam. Coole your Rage,
And be as Wise as Valiant; this is no time
To vent your feeble Passions like a Woman:
A Souldiers tongue moves only in his Sword.

Dum. You are an expert Tutour, and I thank you.
Our Wrongs would adde a spirit to the Dead;
And make them fight our Quarrels. Who comes here?

Enter Clarmount, *attended by* Nigrello Brisac, *and other Lords bare-headed, who are follow'd by a Rabble of Petitioners.*

The Minion to our Queen. Oh what a Train

His

His gaudy Greatneſs bears e 'Sdeath, were I *Love*
But only for this Gyant.

Petit. Good your Honour, our Wives and Children.
Good your Honour hear us.

Clarm. Where are our Slaves: Keep off theſe dregs of men,
Bring round my Chariot to the Poſtern Gate.

Petit. Good your Honour conſider us.

Clarm. Theſe Bell-mouth'd Vaſſals ſplit my Ears with noyſe.
Make haſt before, leſt my great Mrs. wait
My coming.

Petit. Good your Honour

[*Exeunt* Clarmount, Lords, *and* Petitioners.

Dum. Theſe are the fruits of Peace Upſtarts, and Flatterers.
Tell me, *Lamot*, can this ſame Marchpane man
Think or commit a ſin, though ne're ſo horrid,
But it is Candid o're.
Were I the King;—but he is wilful blind.
Before the Wanton and hot-blooded Queen
Sould have the Licence but to be ſuſpected,
I'de lock her up, and houſe her like a Silk-worm.

Lam. Pardon me, Sir, the good old King's unable.

Dum. And therefore muſt admit an up-ſtart Flatterer,
Now rayſd to Honour by her lawleſs Luſt:
Marſhal of *France*, the next ſtep is the Throne.
Oh peaſant State, when Owls build Neſts
In Cedars tops, the Seats of Eagles.
Were I the King, I'de Execute 'em both.

Lam. Execute 'em! By his beſt blood he dares not.
The Unchaſt Queen is great in Faction,
Follow'd and Sainted by the Multitude,
Whoſe judgment ſhe has linkt unto her Purſe,
And rather bought a Love then found it.
She has a working Spirit, and active Brain:
Beſides her Sons, the Pillars of the State,
Support her like an *Atlas*, where She ſits,
And like the Heav'ns, commands our Fates beneath her:

She is the Greater Light, the King a Star,
That only ſhines but through her Influence.

Dum. Hark! [*A flouriſh within.*
The Thunder of the War: How out of tune
This Peace corrupting all things, makes 'em ſpeak.
What means this moſt adulterate noyſe?

Lam. This is a Night of Jubilee, and the King
Solemnly Feaſts for his Wars good ſucceſs:
We ſhall have Maſques and Revelling to Night.

Dum. Now the Great Gods confound this pickthank noyſe.
The Drum and Trumpets too turn'd Flatterers.
And *Mars* himſelf a Bawd to grace their Ryots.

Enter Nigrello, *who delivers to each of them a Purſe of Gold; leaves a Letter and departs.*

Lam. What Viſion's this? 'Tis Gold, or ſure I dream.

Dum. I cannot tell whether I dream or not too:
But this I'm ſure, if I ſhould ſee that Man
That dares to take this from me, he ſhould find
I was awake. Was't not *Nigrello* brought it.

Lam. Yes.

Dum. What Paper's that, *Lamot.*

Lam. If it be Chorus,
To this dumb ſhow I'le read it.

The Letter.

AS you are Souldiers, truly Valiant, I honour you; as poor, I pitty you; and therefore have ſent you what will render you as compleat Courtiers, as Undaunted Souldiers. Dumane *and* Lamot, *let it ſuffice, we know you, for our Eye is every where. Whilſt I remember your Worths, I ſhall forget your Parents Injuries. Fear nothing: for your hitherto Concealment, I'le get your Pardons; and whilſt I breath, breath your kind Mrs. If you dare truſt me, appear at Court to Night ſo adorned as ſhall become your Honours and our Friends.* Fredigond.

Dum. We are betray'd, *Lamot*; what shall we do?

Lam. We'l take the gracious offer of the Queen.
She's Princely, Vow'd our Friend; besides, what ill
Can we expect from her, who might have sent
Her murdering Ministers, and slain us here,
Had She intended foul play? No, She's Noble.

Dum. Noble——Grant her so, yet——

Lam. Yet what?

Dum. Her Murder'd Brothers memory.

Lam. When He fell
We were too far off for Traytors.

Dum. But not for Torments had we been apprehended.
For in the high displeasure of that Queen
All our Posterity was doom'd, some felt the Wheel,
Some Wrackt, some Hang'd, others empaled on Stakes;
And had not we been then in *Wittenburgh*
We had added to the number of the Dead.
And think you still we shall not?

Lam. By my Life
'Tis Murder to suspect her: We'l to Court.
Our Lives are all that we can lose, our Fame
Stands fair; no power can reach a Souldiers Name.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fredigond *and* Nigrello.

Queen. What Conference did they maintain with thee?

Nigr. None further then the Language of their Eyes:
They lookt on me, as if they meant me thanks,
Which their Amazement rob'd me of.

Queen. Spake they not?

Nig. No, not a word.

Queen. Do you know 'em?

Nigr. No, Royal Madam, they appear'd to me
But like the silent postures in the Arras,
Only the form of men with stranger faces.

Queen. Come take 'em in. They are our Enemies,
VVhich I have Angled with that golden bait.
Their Parents waded in my Brothers blood,

For

For which I'le be reveng'd on all their Race.
Did they increase as fast as I could Kill,
I'de ever Kill that they might still increase.
A bloody, and a terrible mistake!
To right the Injuries of their Ravisht Sister,
They Murder'd *Cladyser* for *Clotair's* fact:
My Brother Dyed for what my Son did act.
For which thus *Fredigond's* revenged.
The old *Dumane*, the Father to this Maid,
With all his Kindred, all his Race, except
Her wicked Brothers, and that Ravisht Whore
I have already Sacrificed.
Is not Revenge a Pastime for the Gods?

Nigr. Were but their Ravisht Sister, and those Brothers
With'em, it were a pastime for the Gods.

Queen. We find thee fit, *Nigrello*, for employment.
I've always found thee trusty, and I love thee.

Nigr. I lay my Life at my great Mrs. feet.
But, Madam, how came this their Sister Ravisht?
Now for the greatest Rancour of her Soul. [*Aside.*
Was She such Ice, or He so ill a Courtier,
That He your Eldest Son, the Heir of *France*
Could not subdue a Ladys heart, nor steal
A Pleasure but with so much Violence?
'Twas very hard he could not.

Queen. Yes, 'twas hard.
'Twas my ill Fate he could not. For that Lady
I knew he Loved; and I, & my dear *Clarmont*,
Glad of th'occasion, instantly used all
Our Arts to make Her His. 'Twas we seduced her
By false pretences to that fatal place,
Where my hot Sons wild passion forced her Honour.
But for a different end we brought her thither;
For we design'd her for an easier prize,
In hopes She would have yeilded to his Arms,
That when he had once debauch't her to a Mistriss,

He

He might have been diverted by her Love,
And those more sweet stolne Pleasures, from the thoughts
Of the morose and duller Joys of Marriage,
And the more weighty cares of Heirs to Kingdoms,
And by that means we thought t'have soften'd him
Into so loose a Life, as might have render'd
My *Clarmounts* passage easier to the Crown.

Nigr. Was ever such a Bawd, or such a Mother? [*Aside.*
But She it seems more Chast then Wise, refused
The gracious offer of your Princely Son.

Queen. Refused it? Yes: And (Curse upon the Name)
Her Chastity that scorn'd his Love, inflam'd it;
And drew that Rage from his unruly Passion
That lost her Honour, and my Brothers Life.
Her Enraged Kindred wanting power for open
Revenge, in a dark hour, and silent Walk
Mistook, and Stab'd my Brother for my Son.
But see how my Revenge I have persued.
And what's my Misery, I am still forced
To set new Plots on foot.

Nigr. As how, Royal Madam?

Queen. I've laid the Platform of great *Childricks* death.

Nigr. Her Husbands death! [*Aside.*

Queen. And they two Brothers must be thought his Murderers.
Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers,
Whom for this end I have reserv'd for Policy.
First, that they take away the Guilt from Us:
Next, being seiz'd, to study Pains and Deaths,
The Heads of all our Engineers shall sit
T'invent unheard-of Torments for the Villains.
I long to see'em greet their Kindreds Dust.

Nigr. The Plot's most admirable.

Queen. Then I'le commend thee to my Elder Son,
Where thou shalt wind into his secret thoughts.
As for the Younger Boy, let me alone.

Did

Did ever VVoman less delight in blood,
And shed so much as I must. Oh, *Nigrello*,
I once was a Kind VVife and Pious Mother.
But now my Husband, and my Sons must dye,
And I must be the Traytor. I can Weep
To give 'em Deaths, and yet I cannot save 'em.
Almighty Love this wondrous Change has made,
A Love that has my hopes of Heav'n betray'd:
And yet I can't resist it. For my *Clarmount*,
My best-lov'd *Clarmount's* sake, Husband and Sons
Are Clouds betwixt my Love and Me: and all
The tyes of Blood and Nature are too small
To check what Love resolves. When Love bears sway,
All lesser powers, all weaker tyes give way.

Enter Clarmount.

Sir you are welcome.
Your Visits have been freer, but I grow old,
And you command the Beauties of the Time.
Clarm. What means my Noble Mistriss, think you the blood
Runs so degenerate within these Veins,
To stoop to any thing below the Charms
Of this Divinity?
Queen. But oh my deareſt *Clarmount*, we are betray'd,
Our Interview last Night was by the King
Discover'd.
Clarm. How discover'd!
Queen. Yes; but by
What Arts I cannot learn.
Nigr. Learn! No, 'tis past your skill. The Plots I lay,
I defie all the Arts of Man or Devil,
To countermine; or what's more subtle
Then Man or Devil; I defie thy pow'r,
The pow'r of Woman damn'd in Lust, whose Breast } *Aside*
Harbours more Hell then Zealots Fears, or Poets Fables } (ever framed.)

Furies

Furies are Tame, and burning Lakes are coole
To thy Insatiate Lust and monstrous Villanies.
Clarm. How? has he dropt ambiguous words, (and what } To *Fredig.*
His Language left imperfect, spoke in Looks?
Queen. Yes Sir, but as he's of a fearful Nature,
And consults safety e're his Rage speaks plain,
So is he of a cruel one, when that rage
Is ripe for action: what he intends
I cannot guess, unless it be our deaths.
Which if he speedily performs not, then
Know he shall never, for this night concludes him.
Nigr. Dye, and to Night! [*Aside.*
Queen. The Poyson's drank already,
And wants but some few hours for operation.
My Sons I weigh not this. They have Rebell'd
And taken spirit to oppose my Will;
For which it is not safe that they should live.
The Kingdoms Heir shall be a Child of thine,
And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.

Enter Dumane *and* Lamot *nobly Attired.*

You're welcome to the Court, take a Queens word,
Fredigond bids you welcome.
Dum. Your Highness is all Mercy.
Queen. Follow us,
We'l be your Guardian and Protectress.
Clarm. What are these?
Queen. Sheep, *Clarmount*, Sheep, which I have fatted up
Only for Slaughter. If they look like things
Worthy a humane name, call'em a pair
Of thinking Animals, (if what I hate
Be worth the thought of Destiny,) by mine
And their own Planets doom'd e're they were born,
First to be made my Slaves, and then my Victims.
Mortals, whose pride does like thin Meteors rise,

It shines this minute, and the next it dyes.
The Fates and I have in one Vote decreed
That some shall smile to night, and others bleed.

Exeunt all but Nigrello.

Nigr. Her Husband Poyson'd, and his Life not in
My pow'r to save; and I unfortunately
By her discover'd Guilt an accessary
To this outragious Crime! Forgive me Heav'n,
And injur'd Majesty. My Vengeance calls
For black and tainted blood. But since ill fate
Has martyr'd Innocence: Since Destiny
Has wrought thy Fall, yet in the worst mischance
There is some good; thy Fatal Blood will add
More weight to her Damnation, and more edge
To my Revenge, which whilst my Arme pursues
My Rage does from thy Ruine higher rise:
I kill more justly: She more guilty dyes. [*Exit.*

Enter Lewis *and* Aphelia.

Aph. If this should be dissembled, not your Heart;
And having won my souls affection, you
Should on a judgment more retired to State
Fling off affection, and leave Me in Love,
What ill-bred tales the World would make of me?

Lewis. That Jealousie I'le strangle. Take this Ring,
Be this our mutual pledge of Love. That Diamond
Is your Adorers Embleme; as the Sun
From precious Dew does solid Diamonds make,
So hard that they can no impression take,
But from the sacred Light from whence they grew:
So shall my Bosom be inspir'd by You;
Obdurate to all force, assault, surprize,
All but the charms of fair *Aphelia's* Eyes.
Your Beauty only shall my soul invite,
Impenetrable to all pow'r but Light.
But see the King.

Enter

Enter passing over the Stage; the Old King leading Fredigond *attended by* Clotair, Lewis, Brisac, Nigrello, Dumane, Lamot, Lords, Ladys, *and* Guards.

Clotair *viewing* Aphelia, *deserts the Kings train, and with* Nigrello *steps upon the Stage.*

Clotair. Such Excellence I have not seen, *Nigrello.*
What envious Parent, or Religious Fool
Has kept such Beauty Prisoner to a Chamber,
Or Cloyster, that it ne're shined out till now.
That neither fame, nor her fair eyes have been
My Friends before this hour. What Lady's that?

Nigr. Aphelia Daughter to a Country Lord,
Whom late preferment from your Fathers bounty,
Due to his Loyalty, has newly brought
To Court, and with him his chief Wealth, his Daughter.

Exeunt Lewis *and* Aphelia.

Clotair. No, he's a poor Possessor of that Treasure:
Beauty is Wealth to a Lover, not a Father:
As Golds no Riches whilst 'tis in the Mine.
Art sure she's honest?

Nigrell. Snow Sir, is not purer:
She has the fame of a most rigid Virtue.
She has not been long enough in the warm Court
To thaw her frozen Constitution yet.
Morals and Country piety stick close still.

Clot. So much the worse; however use thy skill,
Get but that Lady for me.

Nigr. Sir, She doats
Upon your Brother, and though their acquaintance
Has not been long, they've interchang'd their hearts,
And built in minutes what can't be destroy'd
In Ages.

Clotair. How, more Mountains in my way?
I like not that; how-ever though he Love her,
I must enjoy her. We're by Nature Lords
Of our Desires, why not their Objects too.

Let others Love in their way, I in mine.
Love is the Pulse of souls, and beats most high
In Feavourish tempers, such as burn like mine.
Nigr. Spight of her Chastity, I have a plot
To get her Company for you to Night.
Trust me to serve you Sir.
Clotair. Do't and be happy. [*Exit.*
Nigr. I fear it not. For this design, I'm sure to have
His heart and soul. Delight ne're goes unpaid;
This Service Prince, I'm sure you will requite. *Exit.*

ACT the Second.

Enter Nigrello *and* Aphelia.

Aph. BUt why, Sir, would the Prince make this Night-visit?
He knows my Virtue, knows my Honour is
My Guard; but such a Guard, as he may pass
If he but give the word, when light and day
Give his access an honourable title.
Why this dark minute for an interview;
The Visits which we made, the Sun still knew.
My Love and I have met under his Beams;
But ne're by Night before, unless in Dreams.
And those so pure, so innocent
As slumbring Vestals would not blush to own,
When wearied, they for a short rest retire
To gain new strength to tend the sacred fire.
Nigr. Yours, And your Princes honour is so firm,
That privacy and Night can add no stains
To Virtues so unsullied, and the cause.

Why

Why he requests this solitary meeting, is,
To tell you *France* beholds his growing lustre
With wondring eyes, and their unmannerd zeal
Designs to match him with th'Infanta of *Spain*;
The hopes of which Alliance, and the fear
Of your too powerful Influence o're his heart,
Which some Court-spyes have by their arts discover'd,
Have shrunk your Beauties estimate: Your Eyes
Are look'd upon as Comets, that design
A Nations hurt, grown fatal where they shine.
Their Malice has with their new Hopes conspired:
They look with hate on what they once admired.

Aph. And is the Prince too joyn'd in this new Change?
Are his looks alter'd too?

Nigr. No; nor his Heart:
He thinks with scorn on their unwelcome kindness,
And begs this private conference to tell you
How much of Fate in your great Beauty lives,
And what irrevocable dooms it gives.
His Love is moved by Destiny, not Chance;
He'l Marry you, and blast the hopes of *France*.

Aph. A Love so pure, a bliss so high——Lead on.
Where such Light shines, all fears and Clouds are gon.

Nigr. Oh admirable Villany! Revenge
Does feed on Ruine, Ruines are
Its Food and Life, it flourishes as they
Who living on Sea-coasts, for Tempests pray.
When against Rocks some wealthy Vessel cracks,
They run to shore, and are made rich by wracks. *Aside.*

Exeunt.

Scene the Second: *Enter* Clotair, Lewis, Fredigond, Dumane, Lamot, *and* Guards.

Clotair. Horrour and death! My Royal Father Poyson'd!

Lew. Oh dismal fatal hour!

Queen. My *Childrick* dead!——Oh my——

Lamot.

Lam. Have patience Royal Madam.

Queen. Stand off.
Preach Patience to the Sea, when the rude winds
Swell her Ambitious Billows 'bove the Clouds;
And if thou tutour'st them to peace and silence,
I'le be as calme as they.

Clotair. The Treason visible, and not the Traytor!

Queen. Ignorance darkens Hell. Doubt you the Traytors.
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court;
Warm'd and reliev'd them, that their sting might kill us.
Who could be Authours of this deed but they?
'Tis his new bosome-Friends have Murder'd him.

Clot. Our Guards!
Lay hands upon the Traytors.

Lam. Oh *Dumane*,
We are betray'd.

Dum. There's justice in our Cause;
Why not our Swords? I'le dye before I'le yeild.

Lam. Than dye by me.
Yeild up your Sword, or you shall fall by mine.

The Guards seize 'em.

Dum. Must we be Prisoners then, and Traytors too?

Lam. No: The first name's enough, a name too harsh
For Souldiers,
Did not our King command it; and the last
Too horrid for Man-kind, or ought but Devil.
The disobeying of a King's so heinous
That you deserved your death for your resistance.
His will is, we are Prisoners; but for Traytors,
Poysoners of Kings: Know mighty Prince, and You
Whom Blood and Duty bids our King call Mother,
We're injur'd, basely wrong'd. Madam from you——

Queen. Yes, 'tis from Me you have receiv'd the name
Of Murderers, if you acquit your selves
I shall be still the gracious Queen I was;
Till then expect——Oh my much injur'd Lord,

What

What Vengeance hangs upon the blood of Kings;
But what more heavy burden on my heart?
A load that sinks me. Go, convey'em hence;
Let'em be strictly guarded till to morrow.

Lam. Fetters or Death are things that we can bear.

Dum. 'Tis not the Wrack that can our courage tame,
Our only Torture is a sullied Name.
The Queen well knows——

Queen. Oh, Sir, command 'em hence.
I know too much to have so tame a sense
Of my dear Lords lou'd blood.

Lam. But Sir——

Queen. Away.
To Prison strait; they kill me if they stay.
Who patiently can brook a Traytors sight,
But they who in a Traytors Crimes delight.

Exeunt Dumane *and* Lamot *forced out by the Guards. Enter* Nigrello.

Clotair. Madam, dry up your tears.
Expect to hear that Justice done, that's due
To a Murder'd Monarchs Blood, and Fathers too.
But to *Aphelia* first; if kind *Nigrello*
Be but successful in this Nights design,
This Night I'le in her Arms my Passion Crown.
But stay! My Father dyed but now; his Fate calls down
For thoughts of Vengeance, and my tender breast
Should be with dreams of piety possest:
With thoughts of Blood and Death, of Funeral Beds,
Of Martyr'd Monarchs, and of Traytors heads;
A Mothers Tears, and walking Fathers Ghost,
Disturb'd i'th'other world, for what in this was lost.
These should I think on, but to night sleep sorrow:
For Love to night, and for Revenge to morrow.
The world has much mistaken been, to say
That walking Spirits love the Night, not Day.
Prisoners as well in Dungeons may delight.

They're

They're doom'd to shades, and therefore pleas'd with Light:
It is not Ghosts, but Lovers walk by Night. *Exit.*

Manent *onely* Queen *and* Nigrello.

Queen. Their Blood thou seest must for my Crimes be spilt:
Mine is the Innocence, and theirs the Guilt.
But hold *Nigrello*, say the Cloud we rais'd
Should be transparent, and my Arts that gave
'Em Fetters, have not pow'r to work a Grave.
Suppose they clear themselves. What though the King
Has in a heat of fury built his Faith
Upon my Tears, and has decreed their death:
Yet when he comes to a more calm debate,
His senses may be cleared, and we may find
His Justice, when more Tardy, is less blind.

Nigr. Revenge that moves most slowly, is most wise:
When it has fiercest hands, has weakest eyes.

Queen. But to dispel that fear, be it your care
To Poyson'em before their Tryal comes;
Which done, I will give out, and get it sworn
They Poyson'd their own selves; and chose that death
T'avoid those fiercer torments that they knew
Were to their guilt a Monarchs Murder due.
Do this, and we are safe: Perform this act,
And think what Debts you from your Queen contract.

Nigr. It shall be done, and done without a pause;
Doubt not my Service in so great a Cause. *Exit Queen.*
No, Monster-Woman, neither of 'em Bleeds,
My Vengeance aimes at more Heroick deeds:
My Rage shall at the Heads of Princes flye;
'Tis thou, and thy Adulterate Race shall dye. *Exit.*

Enter Lewis *and* Brisac.

Lew. Your Sister not return'd yet? This late hour,
And her strange absence makes me all amazement.

Brisac. My Father Sir, is all Distraction for her;
In pious Rage one while he storms at Her,

Ano-

Another at the Court. So far ith' Night,
And his *Aphelia* absent, he's undone.
Courts are no Sanctuaries, She no Vestal.
Then prays to Heav'n to mend the one, and guard
The other.

Lew. For her Virtue, that I fear not.
I know, (whatever outward force may do,)
Within She has no Traytor. The Suns eye
Views not a fairer outside, nor can Heav'n
Inspire a brighter Soul.

Brisac. But Sir, *Nigrello*
Has just now sent me word, that there's a business
Requires your Company, and mine to Night
In such a private Chamber; for there's something
That's near my Honour, and your Heart in danger.

Lew. Then 'tis no idle fear: Shew me the place.
Ghosts keep your Beds, you Centinels of Night,
Goblins and Specters do not walk your round.
A general Lethargy seize on this hour,
Whilst I alone, the Watchman of the Night
Will wake in spight of Fate. *Argus* thy Eyes
To find *Aphelia*, and her Injuries. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aphelia *and* Nigrello *with a Light.*

Aph. Into what Labyrinth do you lead me, Sir?
Had you not used his Name, which is to Me
A strength 'gainst Terrour, and himself so good
Occasion cannot vary, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wilde desires; otherwise
A silent sorrow from my Eyes would steal
And tell sad stories for me.

Nigr. You are too tender of your Honour Madam,
Leave your vain fears. The Prince has no desires
But what are just; nor does he own that heat,
Which were you Snow, would thaw a tear from you.

Aph. Is this the place appointed ?
Nigr. Yes, I'le call him:
Here is a Book will bear you company
Till my return.
Hither I send the King; not that I mean
To give him time to cool his burning Luſt,
For *Lewis* ſhall preſent him in the fact.
And thus I ſhall indear my ſelf to both.
Lewis enraged, I'm certain will conceive
Such mortal hatred 'gainſt his Luſtful Brother,
For ſuch an outrage offer'd to his Miſtriſs,
As will prepare his breaſt for the impreſſions
I muſt make there.
My skill muſt faile me, if I do not ſet
Thy Crown upon thy Brothers head. *Clotair,*
Thy Canker'd heart wants Lancing, and thy Brother
Shall by my Art, adminiſter that cure
Which *France* will thank him for. Thy Mother too
With her Incarnate Devil *Clarmont*, ſhall be
The next whom my Revenge ſhall damne, if Hell
Be but as juſt as I; for 'tis their Right:
Hell then be kind, and let's joyn force to Night. *Exit.*
Aph. Poor Raviſht *Philomel*, thy Lot was ill
To meet that Violence from a Brother.

Enter Clotair *in a Cloak.* Aphelia *ſits down and Reads.*
Clot. She has Sworn Faith to *Lewis*, and to woe her
Into my Arms, (ſuppoſe 'twere poſſible,)
'Tis not a work of ſo few hours as I have
To accompiſh it. The flattery of to morrow
Is a ſmooth Stile for a calm-blooded Lover.
But Seiges will not down with my Complexion:
She has tyed her Soul to *Lewis*, and a Parly
Will ſcarce get a Surrender of a heart
So fortified; how'ere win her I muſt:
And the moſt likely way to do't, is as

The

The World was Conquer'd once: He was the Man
That cut that Knot which was too hard t'untye.
I muſt confeſs I've read that Force in Love's
A ſin that forfeits Souls: But She's ſo fair,
The pleaſure can't be bought too dear.
Aph. I feel my heart burden'd with ſomething ominous.
What if *Nigrello* ſhould play foul, and this
Expected Lover ſhould not be the Prince?
I dare not ſtand the hazard; guide me Light.
Offers to go.
Clot. I muſt be Reſolute. Fair Lady——
Aph. What Man art thou
That hideſt thy face from Darkneſs, and the Night?
What art thou? ſpeak: And wherefore comeſt thou hither?
Clot. I come to find one Beautiful as thou art;
And am a Man willing to pleaſe a Woman.
Aph. I underſtand you not.
Clot. I will inſtruct you:
And 'tis ſo ſmooth a Leſſon, and ſo eaſie,
That a good will is all the pains in learning it.
And when once learnt, the Pleaſure is ſo ſweet,
The Practiſe ſo delightful, that not the
Worſt memory in all our Sex could e're
Forget it. Come dear Madam, cloſer yet;
And let our Souls lodge in our ſence.
Aph. Help, help.
Clot. None of your Clamours, Lady. [*Draws his Dagger.*
If you riſe one note higher, you ſee your Death.
Aph. What Violence is this? Why do you wrack me thus?
My hands are guilty of Crime; do not torment 'em.
My heart and they have joyn'd in Prayers together
For Mankind that is Holy; if in that act
They have not pray'd for you, mend and be good,
The fault is none of theirs.
Clot. Come, do not ſeem
More holy than you are: I know your heart.

Aph. Let your Dagger too, Noble Sir, ſtrike home,
And Sacrifice a Soul to Chaſtity,
As pure and ſpotleſs as her Innocence.
Clot. This is not the beſt way—— [*Undiſguiſes.*
Know you Me, Madam?
Aph. The Majeſty of *France.*
Clot. Be not afraid.
Aph. I dare not fear; 'tis Treaſon to ſuſpect
My King can think an ill, much worſe to act it.
I know you're Godlike good, and have but tryed
How far weak Woman could be Virtuous.
Clot. Pretty Simplicity, thou art deceiv'd;
Thy Wit as well as Beauty wounds me.
It is thy Virtue moves me, and thy Goodneſs
Tempts me to acts of Evil: Were thou bad,
Or looſe in thy Deſires, I then could ſtand
And only gaze, not ſurfeit on thy Beauty.
But as thou art, there's Witchcraft in thy face:
I muſt enjoy thee, or not thou thy Life.
Enter Lewis *and* Briſac *to the door.*
Aph. Your are my King, and may command my Life;
My Will to ſin you cannot. You may force
Unhallowd deeds upon me, ſpot my fame.
And when you've done this Irreligious deed,
What Trophy, or what Triumph will it bring
More then a living ſcorn upon your Name?
The Aſhes in your Urne will ſuffer for't.
Virgins will ſow their Curſes on your Grave,
Time blot your Princely Parentage, and call
Your very Birth in queſtion. Do not think
This deed will lye conceal'd; for Kings appear
When great in ſin,
Like to Prodigious Comets in the Aire,
At which all tongues are mute, all eyes do ſtare.
Clot. I can endure no longer; I'm all fire.
Madam in vain——

Aph.

Aph. Hold, Royal Sir—
Clot. No more.
I am reſolved, and what I once reſolve
Is in the Book of Fate: I muſt enjoy you,
And though by Force that bleſſing I extort,
Repine not at the loſs of what, though Princes
Cannot reſtore, they can repay, for this
Stolne pleaſure I'le be a Lover, Friend, and King.
Aph. Do not miſtake, great Sir,
Theſe are too gentle names for Raviſhers.
If you proceed, and this black Crime take wing,
You will be neither Lover, Friend, nor King.
Lew. Hold, hold, my heart. Can I endure— Unhand me,
Leſt I forget my ſelf on thee.
Briſ. Good Sir
Remember 'tis your Brother, and the King.
Lew. Oh that I could forget it, that I cou'd
Shake off my Duty, and renounce my Blood.
That like a Whirlwind, I might ruſh upon him
And bear him to Deſtruction.
Sir how can you
Abuſe ſuch Innocence? is't not enough
That you have wrong'd *Clotilda*, Raviſht a Maid,
A Virgin of that Innocence of Life,
Might Saint her here on earth: But you muſt add
To your firſt Crime a ſecond Violence,
The Gods muſt not forgive?

Enter Nigrello.

Clot. If you eſteem
A Monarchs friendſhip worth a Subjects care,
Expreſs your Zeal more mannerly; be a Brother,
And aid me in my deſires.
Lew. Be a Man,
And ſhake a Nature off will damn you.
Clot. Traytor Boy,
Thy Fate moves in thoſe words.

Draws.
Lew.

Lew. And is it so?
Then King defend thy Life, for I am swift
As Lightning, or the thought that Executes. [*Draws.*
Brisac. Hold, hold my Lord, forbear.
Aph. Help, help.
Enter Fredigond, Clarmount, Burbon, *and* Attendants.
Nigr. *Lewis* o're acts the part that I design'd him,
For if he falls I'm lost. *They fight, and* Lewis *falls.*
Aph. Oh my unhappy Lord! Oh my swolne heart!
Queen. Oh bloody King. Thy hand has made those wounds,
For which the Vengeance of a Mothers Curse,
Abler in operation then Lightning,
Strike through thy body, every Limb a Death.
A Husband, and a Son, lost in one Night.
Nigr. Damne her false tears; she's glad he is dead.
Aph. Now you have kill'd him, wherefore do I live.
Clot. Remove that Syren from our wandring Eyes,
And house her in a Dungeon. [*To* Burbon.
Aph. A Dungeon Sir--- you and my Stars are kind,
If in that Dungeon I a Grave may find.
How great will Fame proclaim you, if your Breath
Be but propitious, and pronounce my Death?
What different Fates can Majesty decree?
Your Cruelty kills him, your Kindness me.
[*Exit. Let out by* Burbon.
Nigr. Great Sir, I have a boon to beg.
Clot. What is't?
Nigr. The body of the Prince.
I beg the ordering those Funeral Rites
Which his high Birth deserves.
Clot. That care be thine.
Queen. Oh thou Inhumane bloody Tyrant——
Clot. Mother,
Bestow your tears on those whom they can melt,
I am too hard for pitty.

And ſcorn to have my thoughts ſo ill employd,
To mourn for what my juſtice has deſtroy'd. *Exit.*

Nigr. Dear *Lewis*,
The Glory I intended thee, the puniſhment
Of a baſe Tyrants Crimes chance has prevented.
But what I left
Unpay'd to thee; I'le to thy Ghoſt make good,
Appeaſe it firſt with Tears, and then with Blood.

Exit with the Guards who carry off Lewis.

Manent *onely* Fredigond, *and* Clarmount.

Fredig. Now we begin to flouriſh, this black Night
Is only lighted by our Stars that ſmile
Upon theſe actions, and rejoyce to ſee
Thee our dear Favourite ſo near a Crown.
But tell me *Clarmount*, how did I act the Mother?

Clar. You wept for certain.

Queen. Yes, as an Actor in a Play would do.

Clarm. And I me-thinks could write you Subjects too.
I'de teach you Love, whoſe univerſal pow'r does rule
Far as the Light; equal in Cell and Court,
Love the Worlds buſineſs, and the Stages ſport.

Enter Nigrello.

Queen. And Sir, to ſhew how apt a Scholar I'le be,
At Night, make me a viſit and inſtruct me.
The Courts diſorder for theſe late miſchances,
By kind *Nigrelloes* help and your Diſguiſe,
Renders your Viſits eaſie and unſuſpected.
Then all our Cares, a quiet reſt ſhall take.
All other Paſſions ſleep when Love's awake.

Exeunt Clarmount *and* Fredigond.

Nigr. There you ſhall ſleep your laſt: I'le to the King,
And he ſhall take you in the very act.
And that I may not ſeem the unkind diſcoverer
Of his Diſhonour, and his Mothers Guilt,
I'le ſet on fire the Queens Apartment,
That ſo I may diſturb 'em more ſecurely,

And

And yet the Plot not mine. I'le tell the King,
Unleſs there's preſent help, his Mother burns.
Waked by the Alarme
Of ſuch a bold intruder as the Fire,
I'le ſcorch the ſweating Satyr from his den,
Till the rowz'd Monſter to eſcape that Fate,
Shall ruſh into th' Kings very Armes, a toyle
That's ſtrong enough to hold him; if there's Gall
Or Honour in a Tyrants breaſt to puniſh
So infamous and publick a diſgrace
T'extract a Letcher from a Flaming Bed;
A rare Alembick, excellent Chymiſtry.
All my misfortune is, I muſt my ſelf
Be an aſſiſtant to this amourous meeting;
A kind Procurer to a Royal Strumpet.
But let that paſs; for an exployt ſo rare,
There is no dreſs, But what Revenge dares wear. *Exit.*

The end of the Second Act.

ACT the Third.

After [*Fire*] *cryed, Enter* Clotair, Nigrello, Lords, *and* Guards.

Nigr. LOok how it flames, I fear ſome Trechery:
Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud,
And let your voyce be Thunder to this Lightning.
Guards. Fire, Fire.
Clot. Mother awake, leſt you do ſleep for ever;
Force open the door.
Guards. Fire, Fire.
Nigr. It's fortified againſt ſtrength, you muſt call louder.

Clot. Madam, awake, awake,
Your sleep was never so like Death as now.

Enter *Fredigond* above, in her Night Gown.

Queen. What Impudence is this, dares be so rude?
He had better rowz'd a sleeping Lyoness
Then thus have broke my slumbers. What art thou?
Clot. Look!
The fire will give you light; 'tis I, your Son.
Fly from that Chamber or you're lost: The Court
Is all on Fire.
Queen. Let it burn.
I've lost my Credit everlastingly. [*Aside.*

Enter Clarmount *above in a Night-Gown behind her.*

Clarm. What shall we do in this Necessity?
We shall be taken, and you shamed for ever. } *To the Queen*
Let us bethink our selves; what shall we do?
Queen. I know not what: Curse on this blazing light.
No Art, no Magick, no Devil of our side!—
Kind Fates, I have it—*Clarmount*, in my Closet
Lyes th' Habit that my Husband wore last Night
When he was Poyson'd; put on that, and with
Part of the same Disguise you enter'd in,
Make up the form of the dead King, which sight
With the surprize that I'le put on, shall so
Amaze him, till you have past by him safely.
Do not appear to me, I did not wrong thee,
Seek out the Beds of those that caus'd thy Death,
And howl to them thy pittiful Complaints. } *To* Clar.
Clot. Whom do you hold discourse with, with the Ayre?
Queen. Oh Son,
Such horrid Apparitions
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me:
Your Fathers Ghost most terribly frightful
Has thrice this dismal Night appear'd to me:

In his right hand he bore a shining Cup,
Which to his mouth he rais'd with looks so gay,
As if he drank a health to some young Bride.
The aiery Potion drank, strait in a fume
He threw the seeming Goblet to the ground,
And with an alter'd look, assumed a paleness
More death like then the stoft, his Age and Cares
Made him in Life-time wear: To Heav'n he pointed,
Thrice did he cry, Revenge; and at that word
Sprung through the Roof which now stands bare to Heav'n,
Where he did rain down Fire which here you see.

Clot. Behold it comes.

Queen. Oh fear it not my Son. [*Descends.*

Enter Clarmont *disguised in the habit of* Childrick, *his face discolour'd white.*

Clot. My Fathers form exactly, who could think
The Devil were so good at Picture-drawing.
Pray Heav'n he be not Ceremonious, for
I find my self but ill provided for
A Complement, If it be Injuries,
Break open Monuments, and disturb the Dead:
I'le see thy rights perform'd. If thou desirest
To be appeas'd with Blood, Blood thou shalt have:
Or if that's not enough, I'le build thee Temples.
Thou shalt have Altars, humane Sacrifice.
Do but depart, thy presence does not please me,
Thou art not Company for Flesh and Blood. *Exit* Clarm.

Enter Queen *to him.*

Queen. How fares our Son?

Clot. Fares Mother, as a Man
Would fare that never saw the Devil before:
He was a Stranger to me, and surpriz'd me.

Nigr. The Villain has outwitted me. [*Aside.*

Clot. If Revenge. *Manent only* King, Queen, & Nigrek.

Will

Will do the work; *Nigrello* bring the Prisoners.
Nigr. Dumane Sir, and *Lamot*?
Clot. Yes, them.
Nigr. Oh Sir,
Your Princely care for your great Mothers danger
Diverted me from interrupting your
More pious thoughts, or else I had inform'd you
That but just now their Jaylour brought me word
That they have took a draught of Poyson (but
How got, he knows not) to escape those tortures,
It is imagin'd that their guilty Conscience
Expected would attend so damn'd a Crime:
They have prevented Justice, and are dead.
Clot. Poyson'd, and dead!
Nigr. Poyson'd, and Damn'd; for sure Heav'n that ordains
The Murderers of Kings such easie Deaths,
Designs the greater torments for their Souls.
Queen. Poyson'd! By Poyson my great Lord expired.
Is Providence so barren to Decree
Martyr and Murderers one Destiny.
Heaven that fore sees the Falls, & Seals the Tombs
Of Monarchs, had decreed severer Dooms
For Traytors, had it felt my sufferings,
My griefs, my pains, my sense of Murder'd Kings. [Exit.
Clot. His Poysoners Dead, and yet his Ghost disturb'd!
Or are there more of the Conspiracy,
Whose Deaths his troubled shade comes to demand?
Nigr. What shade?
Clot. My Fathers Spirit, in his very habit,
Here from my Mothers Chamber it came forth.
Nigr. His habit had it on; his very habit?
Clot. His habit, so I say; the very dress
He wore last night, when the accursed Poyson
Impoverisht *France*, to enrich Heaven.
Nigr. That habit,
As I remember, was last night put off

In the Queens Bed-chamber, the King was in.
Her Lodging seiz'd with the first pains of that
Outragious Poyson; in the mid'st of whose
Tormenting heat, in pious Duty,
T'administer some ease by th'help of Ayre.
His Garments from his Body we tore off.
Stript from which burden, to my certain knowledg
That habit never stir'd from thence till now.
And the Disguise his Ghostly Visage wore,
I'm confident was more Pleasant to the Queen
When't enter'd thither, though so terrible.
When it departed thence—— Ha, ha, ha,

Clot. Why this ridiculous Mirth?

Nigr. The Devil Sir, came from your Mothers Bed-chamber,
She can raise a Spirit.
But such an old, dry, heavy Apparition——
'Tis well 'twas but a Vision, for I know
So well her Constitution
That 'tis a younger substance must please Her.
But *Clarmount*, thanks t'his Stars under that frozen out side——

Clot. How! What say you?

Nigr. Sir, not t'abuse your Patience,
He has had as free access to her, as e're
Your Father had.

Clot. But art thou sure on't?

Nigr. Ha! What a look was there to ask that question! *Aside.*
Sir, if I've wrong'd your Honour or her Virtue,
May the just Gods——

Clot. No troubling Heaven to witness it.
Tell me, art confident——

Nigr. Of what?

Clot. What have we
Been talking of? Th'intrigue between my Mother
And *Clarmount*.

Nigr. By your unconcern for her

Dishonour, I suspect you understand me not.
Clot. 'Sdeath, but I do: Where lyes the Mystery?
My Mother holds an amorous League with *Clarmount*,
And the next Night after her Husbands Death,
Admitted him t'her Bed; and then for fear
Of a Discovery, disguis'd him
In her Dead Husbands habit. Wit, I love thee:
By Heav'ns 'twas witty.
Nigr. Does it please you Sir?
Clot. Please me? Yes, above expression I would not
Have mist this knowledg for a Kingdoms wealth.
Good kind Informer, tell me, does she practise
These wanton Revels often? Bless my Eares
With the discovery; speak: is it often?
Nigr. Sir, you amaze me to be thus transported:
I thought the news would not have been so welcome.
Clot. Not welcome! Yes, I pardon her, and thank her.
I find the sin of Lust is not so Capital.
My Father but last Night by Poyson Dyed,
And I at the same time by Lust inflamed,
Left the concern due to a Fathers Murder,
To flye into a Mistresses embrace.
I but a Father lost; and by that loss
I gain'd a Throne: She lost a King and Husband,
And with that loss a Crown: Yet Love had power
To make her losses, King and Crown forget,
And the next Night flye to a Lovers Arms.
Why then should I be troubled, when my sin
(If it be one) runs in my Blood: My Mother
Was kind before me; and if
Such pleasant harmless Crimes must needs be punisht,
My Parents then
Ought to be sufferers for my Offences.
Nature's in fault; I act but what I'm born to.
Nigr. Shall *Clarmount* live then; shall this Insolent Villain

Pro-

Profane your Blood, and have his own unspilt?

Clot. I hate th' Offender, though I love the Guilt.
She is my Mother, and her Favourites Blood
Must expiate the injuries of Majesty.
He dyes for't. Think not
Because I practise it, I can forgive it:
What Nature pardons, Honour punishes.
But say, how fares *Aphelia?*

Nigr. Wrapt in sorrow,
As her ill fate requires.

Clot. As so much Beauty
Does not deserve. I once was of a Nature
Unmoved by any thing in Woman-kind
But the Enjoyment. I esteem'd 'em Vassals
To our desires, not Soveraigns over 'em.
But why her Beauty, Virtue, or her wrongs
Have alter'd me, I know not, but am sensible
Of a strange Change, of which I feel th'effects,
But cannot tell the Cause; a shining light
Shoots through me, and my yeilding heart gives way:
Where the Usurping Guest raigns Lord, and I his Slave obey.
[*Exit.*

Nigr. So far I'm happy. *Clermounts* Doom is Sealed.
I know he has so much Honour, that I doubt not
His prosecution of so infamous
And black a guilt; and though his own stains cannot,
His Mothers I am sure will fret his Heart-strings.

Enter Lewis disguis'd.

Lew. My kind Preserver, my dear dear *Nigrello.*

Nigr. Sir, your recovery to Life, the health
Of *France*, the Hopes of Kingdoms, and the pride
Of *Europe*——

Lew. Hold *Nigrello*, by my life
That life I owe to thee, thou flatter'st me.
Heav'n when it gave me breath, ordain'd me for

My

My Countreys humble Slave; and now thou haſt
Reſtored that Breath thy Creature.

Nigr. Sir, no more.
The action has ſo well it ſelf rewarded,
That I'm o'repaid with half this Complement.
But Sir, why do you walk abroad ſo ſoon,
Your wounds being ſo freſh, the Ayre may hurt you.

Lew. Oh fear not that; the cauſe that brings me hither
Has perfected my cure. I come to ask
My fair *Aphelias* ſafety.

Nigr. Sir, be ſatisfied.
Her Life, her Honour, and her Love are ſafe.
The King, 'tis true, Doats on her, even to madneſs.
After you had ſlain, and he had in blind rage
Sent her to Priſon, toucht with ſudden ſenſe
Of his own Guilt, her Innocence and Wrongs,
And the bright ſtamp her Beauty had imprinted,
He's grown ſo Paſſionate and chang'd a Lover,
As't may be feared, that if no other means
Can conquer her, He'l Marry her, t'enjoy her.

Lew. Marry her!
The voyce of Schreichowls o're the Graves of Traytors,
Is Muſick to this Language.

Nigr. Ceaſe your fears;
Your Image in her Boſom, and my power
Step in between. A Crown can neither tempt her,
Nor ſhall he wrong her. Let my Arts alone
To countermine her Danger, and his Luſt.

Lew. Your Friendſhip kind *Nigrella*——

Nigr. Call it Juſtice:
A Service due to injur'd Innocence.
But Sir, as I'm a ſuffering Ladys Champion,
Be you a bleeding Kingdoms. I've a ſtory
Will wrack your Ears, and ſcorch your Royal blood
Into a Feavour. *Dumont* and *Lemet*,
The Kings ſuſpected Murderers, you know.

Were

Were sent to Prison: But your Zealous Brother,
Out of a pious horrour even to hear
The story of a Fathers Death repeated,
Gave me Commission privately in Prison
To Poyson 'em before their Tryal came.

Lew. Good Gods! what do I hear?

Nigr. Then 'twas resolved
To have it publisht to the World they poyson'd
Themselves t'avoyd that certain Execution
It would be thought they expected and deserved.
And thus this Artifice, he imagin'd would
Silence all farther dangerous inquiries
Into so great a secret.

Lew. Hell and Devils!
But kind *Nigrello*, as my preservation
Convinces me thou'rt honest, yet——

Nigr. Yes Sir,
I guess your trouble, you would have me prove
This Imputation; yes, 'tis just I shou'd,
And though you've found me honest, yet believe
My honesty in such a weighty cause
No farther then your eyes. Then to convince you
That I had the disposal of their Lives,
Instead of Poysoning 'em, I have releast 'em.

Lew. Releast 'em!

Nigr. Yes, and satisfied the King,
(Whose confidence in my dispatch had made him
Apt for th'impression) that he thinks 'em dead.
And to confirm you, in few hours you'l hear
The train has took, and that the City's loud
With the discourse both of their Guilt and Deaths.

Lew. Thou hast a Wit, great as thy Loyalty,
And their deliverance is a proof of both.
This process of a Fathers Death, has rowz'd
My Soul, and shew'd me Horrors in a shape
Too terrible to enter Loyal hearts,

And not bring thoughts of Vengeance with them. *France*,
'Tis I muſt diſabuſe thee.

Nigr. Sir, the Priſoners
Thus Reſcued, for my ſafety walk in Clouds,
And under borrow'd Names; they, I intend
Shall viſit you, and make the buſineſs plain.

Lew. My Reſentments
Of my wrong'd Fathers death a while muſt pauſe,
I'le Right a Kings, but firſt a Miſtreſs's Cauſe.

Nigr. Sir, I'le contrive to place you where you'l hear
What paſſes the next interview between 'em:
But keep on your diſguiſe, wear your Mask ſtill;
'Tis not yet known you live, which if it were,
Your acceſs would be difficult, beſides
You'l have the greater tryal of her Faith
By th' greater hate ſhe expreſſes to your Murd'rer,
Which your diſcloſed Recovery would fruſtrate.

Lew. Do this, and I am bleſt. What ſcene of Love
Could be more pleaſant? Be my ſelf Spectatour
Of my Loves Funeral Rites? Behold the Tears
Aphelia pays my Tomb? What voyce more charming,
What nobler Monument? nay, what Bliſs more high
Than Love paid to a Lovers Memory?
No Conſtancy like what Death cannot ſhake:
What Saint would not this Paradiſe forſake,
Could he inviſibly to Earth return,
To ſee a faithful Miſtreſs at his Urne? [*Exit.*

Nigr. How my deſigns ſucceeed? which that they're juſt
Heav'n by his preſervation has confirm'd,
In ſaving of his Life to make him Agent
In my Revenge. The King, though I know he hates him,
Will be extreamly glad of his Recovery,
If but t'appeaſe his murmuring peoples Anger,
Who he knows are more then Mourners for his Death.
And for the Prince, whoſe heart, my Services
To him and his *Aphelia*, have made mine,

His Miſtreſs's Injuries, and Fathers Murder
VVhich I have artfully made the Kings Guilt,
VVill raiſe a fire within him
Too hot and fierce to ſmother, or be ſtopt
Till it break out in a Rebellion. VVhich
His Intereſt in the French hearts will animate.
VVhat could I wiſh for more, then to engage
The fury of a Kingdom in my Rage? [*Exit.*

Scene the Second. *The Scene a Dungeon.*

Aphelia is diſcover'd on a Couch.

Enter Clotair.

King. Now I am juſtly puniſht for my ſins.
That Violence I offer'd to thy Honour,
Thou on my Breaſt haſt acted; Raviſht thence
My Freedom and my Heart. All thoughts of reſt,
And hopes of Peace are baniſht from this Seat,
Thy Tyrant-pow'r has ſeiz'd. Nay Crown and Life
Turn Vaſſals; at thy feet they proſtrate lye;
Yet though their Fall is low, their Object's high.
Though at thy Feet they humble homage pay,
Up to thy Eyes they look, the Heavens to which they pray.
And if ſhe be not all Diſdain, all Marble,
I'le ſhake her pious conſtancy to *Lewis*,
Make her admire my Love, if not reward it.

Aph. The King! [*Riſes.*

King. Is this a Lodging for ſo fair a Gueſt?
Is this a Shrine for ſuch a Saint? Is this
A Temple fit for ſuch a bright Divinity?
VVho waits without there?

Enter Burbon.

Burb. Royal Sir, your pleaſure?

King. How came this Lady hither?

Burb. By command
From you.

King.

King. Lyar and Slave, from Me! [*strikes him.*
My Guards there.

Enter Guards.

Here kill that Dog,——but stay——A death so gentle
VVould be an act of Mercy, not of Justice.
Oh impudence unpardonable!
I send so great a Beauty to a Dungeon!
Convey him hence, and let him dye by tortures,
Wrackt limb from limb, let his torn Carcass bleed,
And feel such pains so black a Guilt, and such
A Blasphemy deserves. A Dungeon!

Barb. Hold great Sir, do but remember——

King. Good Gods! The Traytor has the Impudence
To speak. Be gone. Has not thy tongue been guilty
Enough already, but thou still dareſt breath
After so damn'd a Lye. A Dungeon! Heav'ns!

Aph. Let me, Sir, be his Advocate. Thus low—— *kneels.*

King. *Aphelia* on her knees! That posture Madam,
From such a fair Petitioner's too humble
When paid to Heav'n. Commanding Lady rise,
And be obey'd.

Aph. Great Sir, remember 'twas
Your act of Grace that doom'd me to this Lodging;
A Lodging fit for an Inhabitant,
So wrapt in Sorrows, and disguis'd in Tears,
That any nobler roofe would mock my Fortune.
The darkneſs of the place becomes her Griefs
That dwells in't.

King. VVere you then brought here by my
Command?

Aph. By your Command, Sir, and the Breath
That gave that kind command, pronounced a Fate
So glorious, that I am bound to honour
My Sentencer; this melancholy place
Agrees both with my wiſhes and misfortunes.

You in this favour just and generous prove,
So dark a scene befits a mourning Love.

King. If you affirm it Madam, what you say
Is Oracle: 'Twas I that sent you hither.
You came by my command into this Dungeon.
But durst the Slave obey that breath that sent you?
Away with him to th' VVrack, and let his tortures
Be doubled. How, obey me Villain! Obedience
To a command so barb'rous and so monstrous,
Deserves more than an enraged King can utter,
Or torments act: What if you had been commanded
To Whore your Sister, Stab your Father, Ravish
Your Mother, Curse your God, or Kill your King?
Dog, would you have obey'd and done all this?
Away with him.

Aph. Stay Sir, remember 'twas
His King commanded him; and had the deed
He acted been a Crime, (as this was none,
This was a blessing, and so great a blessing
As on my Knees I would have beg'd from Heav'n;)
Yet sure your hand can't punish what your tongue
Was Authour of.

King. I Author of! why Madam,
'Tis therefore that I punish him. I Authour!
I do not doubt it in the least.
I was the only cause; I gave the Sentence;
I order'd you this Lodging; and no wonder.
Had I not made attempt to Ravish you?
Had I not Kill'd my Brother? And do ye think
Less then a Mad-man could commit such outrage;
A Man all Rage, all Lunacy, all Devil?
But this dull, sottish, ignorant Slave obey'd me.
Obey me! are the looks
And deeds of Kings no better understood?
Be gone. His ignorance forfeits his Life.
What could he have done more to merit death,

Then

Then to think Mad-men ought to be obey'd
To Tortures. ——

Aph. Hold! If I have any pow'r ——

King. If you have any Pow'r----Pow'r did you say?
I'de quit my Kingdom, and turn Anchoret
Or Pilgrim, if I thought that Heav'n had more.

Aph. You are too kind. That little pow'r I have
Is in my Tears, let those Sir, beg his Life.

King. Is it your pleasure Madam, he should live?

Aph. Yes, & for what you're pleas'd to call a Crime,
I think he merits a reward, not punishment.

King. You bid him live; live then, and live unpunisht:
Thank Her. But Slave, next let me hear you've ransackt
A Temple, raz'd a Pallace, burnt a City;
And if this Lady pardons you, —— you Live.
Your Pleasure is so absolute, your Pow'r
So uncontroulable, what you forgive
So free from punishment, that your Mercy, Madam,
Would shut up Hell, and make Damnation cease,
Had you but half that Influence over Heav'n
You have o're Me.

Aph. These shining Titles, Sir,
Believe me, are too gay: But since you're pleas'd
Thus to adorn me with these borrow'd glories,
I will persue the Character you lend me,
And beg a favour greater than his Life.

King. Fair Excellence, what is't?

Aph. My Death.

King. Your Death!

Aph. Is the Request so wonderful? My *Lewis*
Is gone before, And do you think that Patience
In Heaven's a greater Virtue than on Earth,
When he was living, hee'd have been distracted
With half so long an absence from *Aphelia*.
And do you think Heav'n where the Sun and Stars
Have kept one course so many thousand years,
There where the Saints sing one Eternal song,

Where Bliss without decrease has held so long,
Can you think Heav'n harbours Inconstancy?
My *Lewis*, when he took his last farewell,
Left all the world but me behind; he bore
My Image with him to the skyes, and there
Expects the sad Original should follow.
He is impatient, languishes, desires,
And thinks compar'd to Love the Stars dimme Fires,
Think's he's but half in Heaven; in his blest seat
Wants Me to make his Paradise compleat.
I come, I come. Oh my most gracious King,
By your command let my freed Soul take wing.
He can't be blest without me. And as you
Gave him his Death, give him his Glory too.
This Blessing you in Justice ought to grant:
You made the Martyr, and now make the Saint.

King. Madam, is Love so barb'rous, that it must
Depend on Cruelty to make it constant?
Does it delight in blood, that it requires
A Mrs. Murder for a Lovers Monument?
No, no; He'l be a Saint a milder way.
Your pity makes him blest without your Death.
My happy Brother, happy in his Fall,
Who dyes deplored by fair *Aphelia*, was
Your Slave, & Conquerors may their Slaves out-live.
And though one of your Trophies is destroy'd,
Those eyes that made that shine as bright as ever,
And can make more; of which see here the greatest.
France at thy feet, tread on his Royalty. [*Kneels.*
Or if thy Nature knows not to forgive,
(Which to believe were impious,) take this Sword
T'appease the troubled Spirit of thy Love.
I find a speaking pity in thy eyes,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,
And cry, Live *Clotair*, my unhappy Lover
Repenting Murd'rer live.

Aph.

Aph. The Penitence
Of Kings, would expiate a Nations sins:
Sure then their own may be forgiven. His blood
Heav'n pardon you, for I do.

King. Then I'm pardon'd.
There cannot be an act you pass, but Heav'n
Will sign to. But dear Madam in this state
Of Innocence, to which your Mercy has
Restored me, let me offer up a heart
To fair *Aphelia* for a Sacrifice:
I am a full and perfect Convert now.
Both Murderer and Ravisher repents
My heart grown Virtuous and unspotted, now
Approaches you with Adoration, looks
With piety on what it once profaned.
Accept a Love, a Love so pure, so true,
Nothing but You could raise, nothing but You
Reward.

Aph. Hold Sir, You are my King, but though
Things are exempt from Laws, their Crimes above
Th'examining of Justice from a Judge:
Yet Kings may guilty stand at Loves Tribunal.
I can condemne you, yet, great Sir, I do not.
But though I do not, and his death I pardon,
Honour, obey, and reverence a King
I can, but Love I can't. My heart his Right,
His Province I can never make a seat
For any second Lord, much less his Murd'rer.
They who forgive a Crime may not reward it.

King. Oh my hard fate! Oh more then cruel Woman,
Is this to honour, reverence and obey
A King, to scorn him? or can the requiting
My Love, be the rewarding of my Crime?
Oh Cruelty! Concern'd so much for Blood
I shed in my wild rage, and moved so little

At Ruines you design, at deaths you give
With a firm look, fixt and resolved to kill.

Enter Lewis *and* Nigrello *to the door.*

Nigr. Stand here unseen, and you are safe.

Lew. The Plot
That thou hast layd to try her constancy
Is excellent.

Nigr. He's here; expect th'event on't.

Enter Burbon *in haste.*

Burbon. Forgive my hasty rudeness, for my Cause
Requires it; Sir, the City's up in Arms,
Your Subjects in Rebellion, and their fury
Seems by Revenge inspired: Revenge they cry.
Their Rage is grounded on your Brothers Death.
And they're resolved as the Incendiary
Of his destruction, t'have *Aphelia*'s blood.

Lew. As I could wish.

Burbon. Great Sir, bethink your self.

King. Aphelias blood!
The common Multitude advance their Arms
Against her sacred Head! Oh Hellish outrage!
The Gyants when they besieged Heaven, attempted
To Dethrone *Jupiter* with less impiety.
Her Blood!

Enter in haste a second Gentleman.

Second *Gent.* Great Sir, your frighted Guards o're-pow'rd,
Your Pallace they have enter'd, and resolve
To lay it level with the ground, if what
Their loud and barbarous rage calls Justice, this
Fair Lady's Life do not appease their fury.

King. Her Life t'appease 'em! by what Life they ask,
Her precious Life, the Sacred'st Oath
That I can swear, their Insolence has damn'd 'em.

Go

Go instantly and tell the Rebels I
Am her Protector, and she shall not dye.
Aph. Hold gracious Sir, revoke that harsh decree.
Tell 'em I am their Martyr, and my Death——
King. Be gon, and say as I command you, hast.
Aph. Oh no Sir, say that I'le submit and dye.
Consider but what dangers you will shun;
Think how much blood you'l by my Sentence spare,
And can you be so cruel, when the opening
Of one poor Virgins veins, that hates her Life,
And begs her Death, repaires a Kingdoms health.
Lew. Oh my best Angel! Oh my full-blown joys! [*Aside.*
King. You cruel Woman, how can you requeſt
That which your eyes forbid.— Whilst I gaze there,
And feel that Love their Light inspires, I'de see
My Empire set on float, and *France* lye deeper
In humane gore, then e're the Deluge laid
The sunk Foundations of the drowning World,
E're I'de behold one drop of yours let out.
Aph. Oh you forget your self. What Marriner
Would not throw over-board a worthless Fraight
T'avoyd a Shipwrack?
King. But what Fool or Mad-man
Would throw away his Wealth, his Life, his Soul,
His Heav'n t'avoid that storm his courage scornes?
Tell the bold Rebels I'm in person here,
And as I know Rebellion shrinks at nothing,
I'le satisfie their rage a nobler way:
That blow their Impious hands dare aim at hers,
I through my Breast will intercept: their King,
Their Victim, sure th'Impetuous tide will stop.
Go then, and do as I command.
Aph. No, stay.—
Kings are not safe in raging Crowds, their fury
May Murder you.

King. What then, what if they do?
What can the Man you hate be worth the saving?
Aph. Sir, though I cannot Love, yet my Allegiance
Will never let me see my Soveraign bleed.
The sacred Blood of Kings——
King. The Blood of Kings:
A toy, a trifle; do you understand,
Your pow'r so little to esteem his Life,
You scorn, worthy your care. You wrong your self
To cast a thought on such an abject thing
As a poor hated Lover, though a King.
Dull Sir, be gon——
Aph. No kind Sir, stay.——Dread Lord,
Rebellion is a thing too terrible
For a soft Virgins ears, especially
When she is the occasion, Great Sir, say
What is't I would not do to save your Life,
And to divert my threatn'd Countreys danger:
I am all Duty when those are at stake,
And all Obedience.
King. And do I command?
Lew. Oh my wrackt Patience! Oh my blasted hopes!
Curse on my Plot: Is this her Constancy? [*Aside.*
King. Oh my large hopes! How high me-thinks I rise;
How big me-thinks I grow. What Empires, nay
What Worlds has this Commission made me Lord of.
Fair Creature, must I then assume that part
The Gods should only act, inspire your will,
And teach you how t'obey?
Aph. Your humblest Slave
Submits, her Fate should wait upon your pleasure.
Lew. I am all torture.
King. In my Name, command
Our Marshal, and our other Officers
Of State, to give this Answer to the Rebels.
Aphelia I have made my Queen; and an

Affront

Affront don to her Sacred Perſon, drew
That rage from me that took my Brothers Life.
Yet 'twas no more than what our Laws for his
Offence would have required; howe're I'm ſorry
They've loſt a Favourite, and I a Brother.
Bid 'em lay down their Arms, and with their pardon
Pronounce 'em free from all the Impoſitions,
Duties and Taxes due to th'Crown of *France*
For three whole years.

Lew. Curſt inſtrument of Hell. [*Aſide.*

King. Which Act of Grace, ſay, was their Queens requeſt.

[*Exeunt* Burbon, *and the other* Gentleman.

Now to the Temple to confirm my Bliſs.
Madam——

Aph. Sir, I attend you.

King. Then lead on.

Aph. Now in one act
I'le ſerve my King, my Countrey, and my Love.
Miſtaken Prince, I to the Temple go
Not to be made thy Queen, but Sacrifice.
Forgive me Heav'n, for 'tis a juſt diſguiſe } *Aſide.*
Which does from Love, and from Allegiance ſpring.
It is my Loyalty that Cheats my King.

Lewis undiſcovers, and comes in to them.

Lew. I can hold no longer.

King. *Lewis* alive!

Nigr. The Queen, She faints. Aph. *faints.*

Lew. Still let her ſleep, ſleep on:
For if ſhe wakes, ſhe will appear too monſtrous
An object for frayle eyes to ſee & keep their ſenſes.
Oh that in Nature there were left an are
Could teach me to forget I ever loved
This her great Maſter-piece. Oh well built Frame,
VVhy doeſt thou harbour ſuch unhallow'd Gueſts?
If that our Vows are Regiſter'd in Heaven,

Why are they broke on Earth, unkind *Aphelia*,
Oh I run mad.

King. Rule your disorder'd Tongue
Lewis, what's past I am content to think
It was our Brother spoke, and not our Subject.

Lew. I had forgot my self, yet well remember
That *Gorgon* has transformed me into Stone.
And since that time my Language has been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too Earthly.
I was not Born so Sir: When She was just,
My thoughts and language bore a fairer stamp;
But now she's a Disease, that turns my Blood,
And makes my veins run poyson, that each sense
Groans at the alteration.

King. You've done ill,
And must be taught so: You capitulate
Not with your Equal: She's your Queen.

Lew. My Queen!

Aph. My *Lewis* living!

Lew. Yes, he lives to see
You Perjur'd.

King. Perjur'd. By the Gods, for such
A Blasphemy, thy forfeit life and soul——
But 'tis our Wedding-day, and you've our Pardon.
Recover'd by your care. [*To* Nigr.

Nigr. The wound you gave him proved not mortal; but
I'm sorry that I brought him hither so
Unluckily to interrupt you.

King. No.
You have done well. I'm glad of his Recovery
For my murmuring Kingdom's sake, and for my own.
I'm glad to see him here, to envy at
My Bliss, and see his Mrs. share my Crown.
Come my fair Innocence.

Aph. Stay Royal Sir, [*Kneels.*
And grant your pardon here, 'tis I that want it.

King.

King. How Madam?
Aph. I have wrong'd you.
King. Wrong'd me?
Aph. Yes,
I promis'd to attend you to the Temple;
But my design of going thither, was
Not to be *Clotairs* Queen, but *Lewis*'s Martyr.
King. Go on.
Lew. Go on.
Aph. But I'm a Loyal Cous'ner:
I feared the Tumults that demanded mine,
Might in blind Rage assault your sacred Life;
And since no otherwise you'd calm their fury,
My kind submission was but a design
T'appease a Kingdom, and preserve a King.
Which when I had perform'd, their Arms laid down,
And all your danger gone, I was resolved
Before the Priest, the Altar, and that bright
High Presence they attend on, to refuse
A Crown, and beg a death; and with that death
Your Princely pardon that I durst not cancel
Recor'ds in Heav'n, my Love, and Vows to *Lewis*.
Lew. Oh my Blest Saint.
King. Saint; Devil! Woman-Devil!
Oh I'm distracted; I'm thy own *Aphelia*,
Thou hast inspired me, and I by thy example
Can be as great a fury as thou art.
And to begin that Cruelty thou hast taught me
Here. *Calls in his Guards.*
Seize her, and convey her, where the light } [*To the Capt. of*
May be as great a stranger to her Eyes, } *the Guards, who*
As is my Passion to her Soul; that Sun } *seizes her.*
Which She once sees again, thou seest no more.
Away.
Lew. Hold barbarous King, can your wild rage
Be so inhumane?

King.

King. Hold: What man art thou
That dareſt with impious hands ſeize on that Beauty. } *To the Capt. of the Guards*
Forbear; was ever Violence ſo profane
To touch a thing ſo much Divine?

Capt. of the Guards. Great Sir.——

King. Cut off his hold [*He lets her go.*
Ha! 'tis the fair *Aphelia*——
The fair *Aphelia?*——No, the falſe *Aphelia*,
The falſeſt of her Sex, the Cruelleſt
That e're had Eyes to Charm, and Scorn to kill.
Seize her again; I did forget my ſelf:
Her Treachery and Cruelty have baniſht
All that was Sacred in her: She's no Saint now;
All her Divinity's expired; ſhe's turn'd
A Monſter, as deform'd, as chang'd, and black
As Angels when they fell. Away with her.

Lew. Hold your rude hands, & take my Life before ſhe goes.
Offers to draw upon the Guards, who diſarm him.

Aph. Lewis farewell. To Love and Life farewell.
The worſt that I can ſuffer, is but death;
Which if I do——
Know at that hour, when I my Life reſign,
My Blood's his Sacrifice, but my Heart thine.
[*Exit Guarded.*

Lew. Stay bloody Dogs.

King. Thou'rt a raſh Fool to ſtruggle, for a Beauty
Muſt be a Queen or nothing. Twixt extreams
In common things there is a Mean, as Light
And Darkneſs; there's a Dawn 'twixt Day and Night.
But ſuch bright forms no middle courſe can have,
She riſes to a Throne, or ſinks t'a Grave. *Exit.*

Lew. I'le follow him, and brave the Tyrants rage.

Nigr. Stay, for her Safety, I'le my Life engage.
Be calm, and you're ſecure.

Lew. You ſaved my Life:
And I'le entruſt you with defending hers.

Thus

Thus far I'm bleſt. I've heard with how much Zeal,
In conſtancy to Me, She ſcorn'd a King;
And when my Hirelings made that falſe Alarme,
How freely her demanded head ſhe offer'd,
And choſe the Temple for the place to publiſh
Her ſcorn of Life and Crowns in Love to Me.
And for my Brothers rage, I'le not be troubled:
Let Love Deſpair, and all things elſe conſpire,
What though he be a King, no power's ſo great,
But what force cannot ſhake, Art may defeat:
As ſubtle Enemies, high Tow'rs aſſayl,
They undermine what is too high to ſcale. *Exeunt.*

ACT the Fourth. Scene the Firſt.

Enter Nigrello.

Nigr. CUrſe on this whining Paſſion! Th'amourous King
Minds Love ſo much, that he forgets his Honour.
Aphelias Charms have ſo poſſeſt his thoughts,
That all things elſe lye by. I have as good
As call'd him Baſtard, and his Mother Whore:
Yet *Clarmount* wears his head. All other intereſts
Neglected lye, where Soveraign Woman reigns.
I ſcorn ſo tardy a Revenge, I'le keep
My rage awake, though thine, dull King, can ſleep.

Enter Fredigond.

Queen. Miſchief grows lean, *Nigrello*, all my plots
Turn head upon themſelves.
Nigr. 'Tis very ſtrange,

Youn.

Your Bed-chamber take fire, ith'very minute
Of pleasure and security. For certain
Some subtle Devil crosses your designs.

Queen. Subtle! No, I'le swear for him, none oth'subtlest,
For by this light, I out-witted him and all
His politicks. With what majestick grace
Did the old reverend Goblin stalk away,
Whilst th'amaz'd King, and his stout-hearted train
Turn'd pale, and lookt as ghastly at the sight
As I've seen *Brutus* picture look in Tapestry,
Staring on *Cesars* Ghost. Was not the escape
Of *Clarmount*, in my Husbands shape most excellent.

Nigr. Yes Madam, it was lucky. But what Guard
Do you design against all future dangers?
What next do you resolve on?

Queen. My dull *Ethiope*,
I will instruct thy blackness: Learn to know
My Reputation's sickned, and my Fame
Is lookt into with narrow eyes at Court.
Therefore it's thus decreed, I will remove
And sequester my self from Company.

Nigr. Good.

Queen. Thou know'st where *Childrick* oftentimes retired,
When fits of piety (rest his soul)
Took him ith' head.

Nigr. Madam, I know the place.

Queen. There I and *Clarmount* will securely meet:
The Cave that leads to th'Postern-gate
Will give him entrance at all hours unseen.

Nigr. Madam, your Wit's as glorious as your Love.

Queen. I will away to Night. I cannot brook
My Frantick Sons wild passion for *Aphelia*:
If (as I fear he will) he Marrys her,
He has undone my hopes on Earth for ever,
Therefore *Nigrello*, let my *Clarmount* be
Acquainted with our new designs.

Nigr.

Nigr. What else?

Queen. If by the conduct of thy subtle brain
Thou could'st remove——

Nigr. Aphelia, or the King,
The Prince, or all: is it not so?

Queen. Thou hast a Wit which does engender thoughts
As Regal as our own: when Fate blows fair,
Set out, and prosper. In a brave design,
I wish no better head nor hand then thine.
Farewell. Remember Me. *Exit.*

Nigr. You shall be thought on, fear it not, but how?
Should I prevent her Lust this second time,
Before the third she may repent, and so
May save her Soul which my Revenge would damn:
Yet I'le prevent her, and contrive it so
She shant repent, nor shall Hell lose a Subject.
Thou, and thy Tyrant Son shall meet one Fate,
But I'le begin with you——In Reverence
To Age, thou Beldam as the elder Sinner,
I will take care shalt be the elder Devil.

Enter Lewis *and* Lamot *disguis'd.*

Lam. Where shall we meet you.

Lew. Here. I'le wait your coming:
Expect me here. *Exit* Lamot.

Nigrello, are we safe?

Nigr. Safe Sir, and private.

Lew. I am glad I've found thee:
I've business to impart.

Nigr. And so have I.

Lew. Mine is of honourable consequence,
And does require thy aid.

Nigr. So does mine yours.

Lew. My fair *Aphelia* is——

Nigr. Your Brothers Prisoner.
What then: His Wife she ne're shall be.

Lew. But say
His Lust should seize her Honour, or his Rage
Her Life; Tyrant and Ravisher are names
He has been too well acquainted with already,
Suppose *Aphelia* meets *Clotilda's* fate.
Nigr. Suppose you dead, and me asleep, whilst you
Are living, and I waking, 'tis impossible.
Lew. Thy Courage I adore. Lead on Commander,
Ile follow and obey.
Nigr. Then take this path,
And Conquer. First you know he loves her Virtue;
Doats on her to Distraction, not because
She's only Fair, but Chast. Her beautious mind,
And her fair form within makes her his Saint,
His Heav'n, and whate're names th'Idolatry
Of Love can give her. Then to take away
That adoration, you must first displace
The Saint, leave the Shrine empty, and remove
That Virtue, and that Chastity he doates on.
Lew. Bless me; where will this end?
Nigr. She must be Strumpeted.
Lew. Death and destruction, what a word was that!
Nigr. Hold Sir, do not mistake: 'tis a hard word,
But I've no time for Eloquence, She must
Appear, not be that Creature. His wild Frenzy
Must have a desperate Cure. He must be told,
And be by Circumstance convinced, She's Loose,
Dishonest, and Unchast.
Lew. A strange foundation.
Nigr. But 'tis a sure one.
Lew. But *Nigrella*, say,
Where shall we lay the Scene: Unchast with whom?
Nigr. Sir, if you'l trust my choyce, let it be *Clarmount*.
He is a Villain, and the imputation
(Suppose your Jealous Brother takes his head for't)
Will do but Justice.

Lew.

Lew. Well; Grant him the Man.

Nigr. You have some of *Aphelias* Letters by you?

Lew. Yes.

Nigr. What if you forged her hand, and in her name
Wrote Love from her to *Clarmount*? And to prove it,
Put in some hints of a lost Maiden-head,
Larded with some big words, such as stolne pleasures,
Embraces, or Enjoyment, or what else
You shall think fit.

Lew. Her Lover, and betray her!
Nigrello, for thy friendship, take my thanks:
The Treason I'de embrace, but be the Traytor——

Nigr. But can you yeild to see her Ravisht, Murder'd,
Or what's worse, Married; Married to your Brother?
That Traytor you must be, or one of these
Is certainly her fate.

Lew. Is there no way?

Nigr. None Sir, but this: and if her Safety, or
Your Love be worth your Care, resolve.

Lew. I'le do't.
'Twixt Love and Honour, Interest ends the strife,
I'le prostitute her Fame to save her Life.

Nigr. Now you resolve, you shall not; your consent
Shall be enough; the labour shall be mine.
And that the story may not seem a cheat,
Or a design of yours by me to serve her,
I will appear her Friend so little, that
If he designs to punish her Unchastity,
I'le aggravate her Guilt, and spur him on
To Justice; but take care he ne're shall act it.
I'le raise the Thunder, but divert the blow.

Lew. What debts must I for so much kindness owe?

Nigr. You too must put on the disguise of hate;
Seem satisfied she's false, and slight and scorn her.
All Rivalship between you being once ceast,
At news of the Rebellion set on foot,

He will raise Arms to check it, and no doubt
You being the fittest object in his Kingdom,
As you may manage it, make you their Leader.
Lew. Let me embrace thee; this is a design
Has shot life through me.
Nigr. By this means you may
Convert the Tyrants Sword to his own Ruine;
Instead of your suppressing the Confederates,
Joyn his own Army to assist their Cause.
Lew. I am satisfied, and am resolv'd to study
All arts and means for my Revenge. Revenge
Can't be too fierce moved by so just a cause:
An Injur'd Mistress, and a Murder'd Father.
Nigr. Since your mind's bent on honourable ends,
I have one more will try you.
Lew. Name it then.
Nigr. Your Mother stoops to actions that abhor
The Light, and this Night meets, if not prevented——
Lew. My soul finds out the Man, is it not *Clermont*?
Nigr. The same.
Lew. Are Pallaces such Scenes of Villany?
Had not the Court enough of Hell before in't.
Conduct me where I may but seize this Monster,
That his stain'd blood——

Enter Burbon, Lamot, Dumane, *and* Brisac.

Nigr. Change your discourse and looks:
Your Friends attend you.
Lew. Gentlemen, you're welcome.
My almost Brother once, I thank you, [*To* Brisac.
And kindly greet this brave Assembly, whose
Great spirits look for stirring Opposites:
But there your expectation will be lost,
For I'le take care your danger shall be small,
And your resistance slender. Sirs, your pardon;
I've business of Importance with *Brisac*

That

That robs me of your company some minutes;
But I'll repair that loss at our next meeting
But take this in my stead. I'le share your Cause.

Lam. Our Lives and Fortunes Sir, lye at your feet.

Exit Lewis *and* Brisac.

Burbon. Are your men bold and daring; resolute
To run your fate; indifferent Rich, not Poor
That only fight for Bread; such oft betray
The sinews of a well-knit plot for gain,
When these fight as well to defend as win

Dum. Mine know nor fear, nor death, souls of that fire
They'l catch a Bullet flying, scale a Wall
Batt'led with Enemies, stand breaches, laugh at
The thunder of the Canon; call it Musick,
Fitter a Ladys Chamber than the Field.
When o're their heads the Element is Seeld;
Darkened with Darts, they'l fight under the shades,
And ask no other Roof to hide their heads in;
They fear not Jove, and had the Gyants been
But half so spirited, they had Dethroned him.
Such are the Men I lead.

Burb. Well kind *Dumane*,
I see they want no Herauld that have got
Your Friendship.

Dum. Sir, I speak 'em as I love 'em.

Lam. In good old *Childrikes* raign, before his Queen
Had taught him Revels, and untaught him War,
Before her wanton Lust had sheathed his Sword,
To give her treacherous Poyson, pow'r of death;
I knew that they had valour, and a cause
To shew it in. Nor has the rust of Peace
Blunted their edge, they are as fierce as ever.

Burb. They're Souldiers fit to Sack a Kingdom then.

Dum. And share the spoyle.

Burb. Were't come to that sport once.

Lam.

Lam. *Burbon* it must, or some of us must fall.
The Ulcerous State is ripe, and we must launce it. *Exeunt.*

Scene the Second. *The Scene a Room of State.*

Enter Aphelia.

Aph. I am a Prisoner still. But why so fair
A Prison, and so kind an entertainment,
After he had pronounced so harsh a doom,
I cannot guess the cause, unless it spring
From the Conversion of my cruel King:
If that's the cause, as ye kind pow'rs, I hope 'tis—

Enter Nigrello.

Nigr. Now for my disguise:
This Lodging, and this Entertainment's my design:
The King I have perswaded to this mildness,
As the more easie way to win her heart
Then Cruelty. But on the same foundation
I seem to raise his hopes, I've built his ruine. *Aside.*

Aph. What read'st thou in the Book of Fate *Nigrello?*
What is Heav'ns pleasure?
Quick, make hast and crown
My hopes, speak, thou canst read
The Language of my Stars, the will of Destiny;
For thou canst tell how looks my angry King.

Nigr. Madam, he's now a King indeed, no more
Your Tyrant, witness his strange Reformation.
Now Madam he intends to make you happy
In giving, not accepting of your heart.
This milder usage he designs a Prologue
T'his vanquisht passion, and your alter'd fate.
The Generous, the Good, the Courteous *Clarmount*
Has been so much your Friend.

Aph. *Clarmount*, my Friend?

Nigr. Your Influence is so great, that this kind man
Has used such force, spoke such convincing reason,
That the Converted King adores your Faith,
Charm'd with your constancy, resolves to cherish it.

Aph. Can I believe my Ears?

Nigr. If your belief
So tardy be, stay till your Eyes confirm it:
And when your generous King gives your fair hand
To *Lewis*, call your Slave your Oracle.

Aph. What extasy doest thou inspire? But *Clarmont*,
Was he the Kings Converter? his strange pow'r
Both in the Kings and Peoples hearts I've heard of:
But his strange kindness in my Cause is wondrous.

Nigr. No doubt the Prince may have engag'd him in't.
But what'ere motive led him on,
It was a bold and brave attempt
T'oppose the passion of a raging King.

Aph. What Recompence does so much kindness merit?

Nigr. No more then you can pay: Send him your thanks,
And the Debt's cancell'd.

Aph. Yes, by thee I'le send 'em.
Tell him from me, how high a sense, what value——

Nigr. Madam, my Will exceeds my Pow'r to serve you.
I doubt my little Eloquence so much,
That you'd oblige your humble Slave, to trust
Your nobler thoughts to Paper.

Aph. Who waits there?

Enter Attendant.

Bring Pen and Paper.

Exit Attendant, and brings in Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Aphelia *sits down and writes.*

Nigr. I have my wish, A Letter does the business. [*Aside.*

Enter Brisac.

Noble *Brisac.*

Bris. How fares our mourning Sister? *Nigr.*

Nigr. Hist: I have wrought her up to a belief
Of *Clarmonts* Friendship, and the Kings conversion:
And you are come in happy minute to
Confirm her in't.

Bris. The King has sent me hither
To Court my Sister for him. But the Laws
Of Friendship and of Nature ought to be
Obey'd before th'unjust commands of Kings:
His Love is Tyranny, an Invasion of
What Vows & Oaths the Seals of Heav'n have made
His Brothers right. The serving of my Friend
And Sister then, is a design so just,
That all the Cheats I use, and shapes I take,
Are pardon'd for their glorious cause sake.
Moved by the tyes of Friendship and of Blood,
The means are lawful where the end's so good.

Aph. Oh my dear Brother, welcome. Kind *Nigrello*
Tells me my miseries draw near an end;
The King's no more my Lover, but my Friend.

Bris. If his wild Loves Conversion, is so great,
What's his Devotion then, that makes the Proselite?
How great is the obliging *Clarmonts* Friendship?

Aph. How great I think it is, read there, and see.

Bris. Reads the Letter.

My Lord,

My Transports of joy have been such, as your favours merited: when I consider the furious Love of a Tempestuous King, I cannot but reflect on the danger of your kindness in wrestling with that Love, and the glory of it in subduing it. Pursue the generous Friendship that has been so well begun, and take into the number of your Admirers the humblest of your Servants. Aphelia.

'Tis well; his worth too high you cannot raise:
The first reward of all good deeds is praise.

She sits down and Seals the Letter.

Nigr.

Nigr. Thoſe lines with ſome addition of my own,
Shall make all my deſign ſecure. I'le drive
The cheat on with ſuch Impudence and courage,
That all his furious rage ſhall not deter me,
Nor all his arts diſprove me.

Aph. Here *Nigrello.* [*Gives him the Letter.*

Nigr. I'le flye to ſerve you; but before I go,
I ought to tell you that the King intends
To viſit you; and though he comes to take
His laſt farewell to Love, yet you muſt think
Lovers quit Ladies juſt as Garriſons
Surrender; in their fall their Pride's ſo great,
They willingly would have their yeilding look,
As little as it can like a defeat.
The King, no doubt, though in his vanquiſht paſſion,
Will make ſome Love, ſay ſome kind amorous things;
And if you'l take my Councel, let your Anſwers
Be mild and gentle. *Exit* Nigrello.

Brif. The advice is good,
And you'l oblige your ſelf if you purſue it.
'Tis a vain glory that attends a Lover,
Never to ſay he quits; and when Hope dyes,
The Gallantry of Love ſtill lives, is charm'd
With kindneſs but in ſhadow; takes delight
Even in its being deceiv'd. Love's th'only paſſion
Takes pleaſure to be flatter'd in diſpair.

Aph. Can a feign'd look, or a diſſembled ſmile
Oblige ſo good, ſo generous a King.
Such Treachery I ſcorn; no, he deſerves
A nobler uſage. His reſigning me
To *Lewis*, has ſo charm'd me, that I cannot
Pay him too much. My Friendſhip, Kindneſs, all
The faculties of my Soul (but what my Vows
To Heav'n and *Lewis* do except) are his.
Come glorious Lover, ſtorm an eaſie Breaſt,
Take all my heart has liberty to part with.

This brave relinquing me, has gain'd such pow'r,
Lewis had ne're a Rival till this hour.

Brif. Madam, I see him coming, take no notice
Either of our discourse or his conversion.
'Tis more than I dare answer: it anticipates
The Gallantry, and the surprize of great
Designs, to have 'em told e're they are acted.

Enter King.

King. What Vulture gripes me here? Ha, what art thou?
If thou be'st so Jealousy, mount and be gone:
Fly to the vulgar bosom, whose cheap thoughts
Despair their own performance, in a King
Thou show'st a Nature retrograde to Honour.
Suppose She Loves, and has vow'd constancy
To *Lewis*, must it follow that her heart
Cannot be moved? 'Tis but my fears that say so.
I'le boldly on, and tire her till she yeild.
Is She not fair? Beauty's a spark of Heav'n,
And all that's Heavenly may be moved, 'tis only
Th'Infernal pow'rs that are inexorable.
What brow wears our fair Tyrant? Is a Brother [*To Brif.*
More pow'rful then a King? Does she unmoved
Admit thy Mediation in my Cause,
Or am I still that unshaped thing, whose name
Has terror in't. Does still each sound, that breaths
My hated name, strike horrour through her veins,
And shake that Seat where my proud Brother raigns.

Brif. I found her not so cruel as I wish her,
The Conquest was so easie, that my pains
In serving you, were less then I desired.

King. The Conquest? How, what say you?

Brif. Sir, the Cloud
That hinder'd her the prospect of her bliss
Is gone; the pow'r of Majesty and Love
Has the long mist dispel'd: She is restored
To sense and reason.

King.

King. Is *Aphelia* kind?

Brif. Yes, to her self: She understands the Love
Of Kings, and why she understood no sooner,
She does confess her senses have been more
Dazled then darken'd.

King. My kind Advocate.
Oh that I had a Sister for thy sake,
As Cruel, and if possible, as fair,
That I might pay thee back this kindness.
They Madam, who Divinitys approach, [*To her.*
Seek out for prosperous hours to breath their Vows in:
Which attribute of Heav'n Divine *Aphelia*
Mercy or Justice is the mighty work
Of this days fate? Have you markt out this hour
For lending ear to your Adorers Prayers,
Or forming Thunder for Offenders crimes.

Aph. If there is any thing Divine or Sacred
Lodged in this Breast, 'tis Royal Sir, your Creature.
For this poor humble roof, cannot be built
For such a Guest, unless you're pleased to raise it;
And if you'd have me Sainted, you of all men
Should have lest cause to ask how I'm inclin'd:
Who makes the Saint, may well expect it kind.

King. I am transported. If this sudden kindness
Be truth, 'tis Miracle.

Brif. If it be false,
Punish her Treason on her Brothers heart.
By my Allegiance, and my hopes of Bliss,
She entertains no wish nor thought t'abuse you.

King. This Language speaks thee fair *Aphelias* Brother:
Thy Breath else could not be so near allied
To hers, to carry so much charm, such Heav'n in't.
They Madam, who would mighty Structures rayse, [*To her.*
Search the Foundation first, on which they build.
The highest flight of my Ambition is
To know my pow'r in fair *Aphelias* heart.

Enter Nigrello.

Aph. Your pow'r in that you shall distrust no more.
'Tis all that Loyalty and Gratitude
Can make it; my Prophetick thoughts have told me
You will be kind; and as my Soveraign ought
To have dispoſal of your Vaſſals Fates.
And that high Fate you have markt out for me
I doubt not will be welcome, great, and glorious.
And as I'm ſatisfied 'twill be all theſe,
Great Sir, t'obey you, ſhall not only be
My duty, but my hopes.

Briſ. How prettily
They drive on the miſtake.

Nigr. The Plot works rarely.

Briſ. But ſtop 'em e're it goes too far.

Nigr. Great Sir,
I've ſomthing for your Ear.

King. Another time.

Nigr. None but this minute will ſuffice. Your ſafety
And honour are concern'd.

King. And what of them?
Be quick, I'm too full of thought to talk.

Nigr. My ſtory is ſo fiery, that it muſt
Move ſlow; for if it ſhould break out too fiercely,
It will do Violence to your Ear, diſturb,
If not diſpleaſe you.

King. But it ſhall not. I've but
Juſt now receiv'd the promiſe of her heart;
And do you think it lyes in Fortunes pow'r
To ſhake my quiet at ſo bleſt an hour:
Out with it, ſpeak the worſt thou haſt to ſay,
My Joy's too great t'admit of an allay.

Briſ. Let us withdraw; perhaps they would be private.

Exeunt Briſac *and* Aphelia.

Nigr. But ſhall I have your pardon?

King. Yes, diſpatch then.

Nigr.

Nigr. Your Miſtreſs is not——

King. What?

Nigr. Not Chaſt.

King. Not Chaſt?
Had'ſt thou ten thouſand lives, not one of them
Should ſcape my Juſtice for ſo damn'd a lye.

Nigr. You promis'd me my pardon.

King. How! thy pardon?
I would not give't my Father; no, not his Ghoſt:
Should but his ſhadow from his Grave riſe up
To ſpeak but one ſuch word, for the Impiety
I'de burn the Temple where his Aſhes ſleep,
And raze his Tomb to be reveng'd on's duſt for't.
But now I think on't thou ſhalt live for tortures;
I know there muſt be greater heads then thine
In this Conſpiracy; which I'le wrack from thee:
Then my Revenge I'le take when 'twill be glorious:
Leſs then a Maſſacre, would be too mean
A Sacrifice t' *Aphelias* injur'd Honour.

Nigr. That trouble ſhall be ſaved; I doubt not, Sir,
But you'l believe me e're I've done.

King. Believe thee Slave! I'de not believe an Angel;
Should a Meſſenger from Heav'n bring me this News,
I would turn Atheſt to affront him for't.

Nigrello *gives him* Aphelias *Letter.*

Whats this, a Letter to *Clarmount.* [*Reads.*

My Lord,

My tranſports of joy have been ſuch as your Favours merited. When I conſider the furious Love of a Tempeſtuous King, I cannot but reflect on the danger of your kindneſs in wreſtling with that Love, and the glory of it in ſubduing it. Purſue that generous friendſhip that has been ſo well begun, and take into the number of your Admirers the humbleſt of your Servants,

Aphelia.

The

The danger of his kindneſs in wreſtling with my Love, and his glory in ſubduing it----
That Friendſhip which has been ſo well begun--- then it ſeems
He's a more pow'rful Rival then his King.
Something a loving ſtile; ſtay, here's a *Poſtcript.*

When I am Married, and a Queen, our ſtolne pleaſures will be more difficult, but ſhall not be leſs deſired, nor leſs grateful to yours ſtill } Reads.

Aphelia.

What pretty ſorgery is this?
Betray her Virgin-honour! make ſtolne meetings!
Aphelia Clarmounts Whore?

Nigr. Oh no Sir:
The World has found a gentler name, his Mrs.
I ſee Sir you are ſtartled; ceaſe your wonder.
Is ſhe not fair; and in this loving Age
A little Gallantry's a Venial ſin.

King. Slave, do you ſport with me? confeſs who forged
This Blaſphemy. For 'tis no more her writing
Then thou'rt a Saint.

Nigr. 'Tis hers; I ſaw her write it,
And when ſhe had done, ſhe gave't me to deliver.
But Curioſity made me ſo rude
To break it open; which when I had read,
My Loyalty made me preſent it here
To ſave your honour from a Syrens charms,
And guard my Prince from a looſe Wantons arms.

King. Thou ly'ſt; there's not one word on't hers. Has *Lewis*
Corrupted thy fidelity? I ſuſpect
It is his plot, but I will force the ſecret
From thy black ſoul, or tear thy heart-ſtrings out.

Nigr. I'm not Subornd: That Letter is *Aphelias*;
She wrote it, and I'le prove it. I confeſs
She's Beautiful; but what though ſhe be fair,
Muſt that conclude ſhe's honeſt?

King.

King. Hold thy Atheſtick tongue: Or ſpeak, and dye.
Nigr. Great Sir —
King. Peace Slave, thou that infect'ſt all Peace.
Nigr. Why are you thus diſtemper'd; let not truth
Make you ſo wild a Tempeſt. Were it falſe,
Or that I ſought the ruine of your Peace,
Your Youth, or Honour, then it were a time
To ſwell to this extravagance of paſſion:
But being truth----
King. Truth, Dog, avoyd my ſight:
Fly where the ruder world, ill verſt in Kindred,
Promiſcuouſly combines without diſtinction:
Where every Man is every Womans Husband.
Theſe are a People that might bear with thee,
And fit for thee to dwell with.
Nigr. Yes Royal Sir, I'm gone; but th'only way
For me t'avoyd your ſight, muſt be to dye.
Nothing but death can ſeparate your Slave,
Your loyal faithful Slave, from his loved Lord,
His honour'd and adored Lord: But if death's
My doom, pray let your humble Vaſſal beg [*Kneels.*
An honourable death. Sir, from your hand
Let it in glory come; that death which I
Deſerve, when my great Maſter thinks me falſe.
But e're you give me honour, right your own [*Riſes.*
Sir, if I do not prove
All I have ſaid, ſend my black ſoul to Hell:
Damnation for abuſing Majeſty
Is a juſt due, Hers, and your wrongs demand.
King. Leave off your Proteſtations; can her Fame
Be queſtion'd, or diſputed?
Nigr. Not by one,
Who is all paſſion, but by Reaſon——
King. Then
Let Reaſon be the judge: I'le ſhow it her.

Nigr.

Nigr. Do Sir.—But hold. She's not so impudent in sin to own
So foul a Paper. If she should disown it
(As, if you show it her, no doubt she will)
You've but my word for't. Then for better proof,
Let her be sent for, and at her approach,
Do you retire unseen, to over-hear us:
The first thing that I'm certain she will ask me,
Will be about that Letter; the discourse
Between us, will convince you that she sent it,
And make perhaps more large discoveries
Of her false heart then this has pow'r to do.

King. It is impossible; her Character
Gives this black scrowl the lye. She cannot be
That Monster which this Letter represents her.
Were she Unchast, why then did she refuse
A profferd Crown? I offer'd Marriage to her;
And Marriage, that's the veile to Unchastity
You see she shun'd. Did she not choose her death
Before my Love? Were she in league with *Clarmount*,
Why would she for my Brothers Love have dyed?
Were all this truth, where's all her Vows to *Lewis*,
Her scorn of Life, and her desire of Heav'n
To meet him there?

Nigr. Where are they? where they should be.
In the smooth tongue and oyley words of subtle
Woman. Where are they! why Sir, can't you guess?
Is the pretence of Constancy and Honour
Such news in Woman-kind? Did not you love her
And courted by a King, could she do less,
Were she a Devil, then appear an Angel?
She had promis'd Marriage to your Brother. But
Must you conclude her Chast for courting Death
To follow him? what a strange, bold request
Was it to beg her Death from him she knew
Loved her too well to grant it her? The favour
She askt, she ne're expected to obtain.

King.

King. How's this?

Nigr. And for the conduct of her Love to *Lewis*,
Examine it, and where's her mighty Faith;
She'd hate you as his Murderer, and Love
Her Murder'd Lovers memory; She'd choose
To be his Sacrifice, before your Queen.
'Twas a brave Character, and she pursued it:
But search its depth, 'twas Interest, an Artifice
To heighten your esteem of her. How common
Is it to make a Conquest difficult
To raise the value on't. For after all,
She's not invincible, nor he so pow'rful,
But she could yeild at last. Did she not tell you
That that high fate you had markt out for her,
Would be both welcome, great, and glorious;
And so in loving duty, and kind Loyalty,
Her heart was at her Kings disposal.

King. Hold!
I'le hear no more.

Nigr. But Royal Sir, you must,
Though the bold speaker dyes for't. When you've Marry'd her,
She has her ends. For then, what with your Pride
For your hard Conquest, and your high assurance
Both of her Love and Honour, which her great
And pious Character confirms, she's certain
To raise your Passion to so vast a height,
That all she wishes, is her own. What greater
Security for a loose Womans pleasure
Then the fond kindness of an amourous Husband?
Such liberty and safety waits on Marriage,
That *Clarmount* then securely——

King. Cease this rudeness;
They who raise Thunder, may not be so bold
To sport with it. Yonder it comes.

Nigr. What Sir?

King. That wondrous thing thou talk'st of.

Nigr. Retire but for a minute; if I do not
Prove all I've told you, let my Blood appease
Your Anger, and her Injuries——— *The King descends.*

Enter Aphelia.

Aph. Nigrello.

Nigr. The generous, and the worthy *Clermont* thanks you.

Aph. My Letter you presented?

King. Can't be true
She owns that impious Libell!

Nigr. Yes, and he
Accepted it with so much joy; such extasie
No common influence could raise.

Aph. Kind Sir,
I am your Debtor.

King. Yes in justice
She ought to pay her Bawd; his Office merits it.

Aph. He is a generous, and a faithful Friend,
And whilst th'obliged *Aphelia* has breath
T'express, and pow'r to gratifie his favours,
I'le pay my thanks in heaping honours on him.

King. How fond she is. She can't forbear to praise him.
If her loose tongue can be so Prodigal
To one whom she supposes thinks her honest,
What are her private thoughts. I am distracted.

Aph. This kind, good man———

King. Damnation seize him for't.
'Tis but too plain. Since she can be Unchast;
If such a sacred form can bear such stains,
I cannot wonder at the ancient Romans
That made their Gods Adulterers.

Nigrello
What read'st thou in our brow?

Nigr. A fond desire
To be deceived. A flattering kind of hope
That fair *Aphelia* may be honest still.

King.

King. A ſetled reſolution my black Genius,
Not to be alter'd by the brackiſh Tears
That flow in pregnant eyes of eaſie Woman.
Aph. Why looks my King ſo alter'd? What ſtrange errour
Has Fate committed; for if any ill
Attend ſo good a King, 'tis Heav'ns miſtake:
It can't be ſo unjuſt as to deſign it.
What chance has made this change; you look as if
A load hung on your thoughts?
King. Yes, did man-kind
Think half ſo bad of Hell, as I of thee,
There would not be a Sinner in the World.
Aph. Am I ſo terrible? There was a time
Your language flow'd more gently, and *Aphelia*
Appear'd leſs frightful. Where's the alteration?
Truſt me my Lord, I feel it not. I fear
Some Villany has your pure thoughts infected.
King. Why did the over-ſight of Heav'n lay out
Such vaſt expence to Beautifie a Face,
And form the Soul of ſuch a different mould?
Cruel *Aphelia*, cruel to thy ſelf,
T'obſcure ſuch Excellence, Eclipſe ſuch Light:
Is that a Brow fit for eternal Night?
How could a wanton heat, or looſe deſire,
Lodge in that Breaſt, till the fair ſeat took fire:
Whoſe ſpreading flames have all your glories cruſht,
Ruin'd your Fame, and laid your Pride in duſt?
Why this ſtrange fall——why this Lethardick paſſion?
I am too milde for an affronted King;
Thy Treaſons are too loud to be diſcours'd
So tamely. Oh thou infamous baſe Woman,
What ſawcy Devil tempted thy hot blood
To proſtitute thy Virtue, ſhame thy Birth,
Betray thy Credulous King, and damn thy Soul?
Aph. I am all horrour. Oh my ſtartled ſenſes!
What means my King?

King. To uſe thee juſt as courſly
As thou haſt done thy honour: Take her hence.
Aph. Sir, do but hear me——
King. Convey her hence, and let her talk to morrow;
My ears have been too buſie for one day.
Aph. Then I am ſatisfied; if I have leave
To ſpeak my Innocence before my Death,
I thank kind Heav'n, my courage is ſo high,
Whate're's my doom, I can obey, and dye.
Exit Nigrello *leading* Aphelia.
King. If ſo much Innocenee, and ſo much Beauty
Can be corrupted; if *Aphelia* can
Turn Whore, why may not all man-kind
Miſtruſt their Fathers, and ſuſpect their Births?
Their Mothers are leſs fair, and why more honeſt.
Who knows, but whilſt the Husbands arms embrace
The ſeeming honeſt Wife, her wanton fancy
May in a ſtragling fit, fix on a Satyr,
Or ſome more luſtful favourite; and her iſſue,
Though 'tis got lawfully, be conceiv'd a Baſtard. *Exit.*

Scene the laſt. *The Scene a Grotto.*

Enter Lewis, Briſac, Souldiers *with a Page carrying a dark Lanthorn.*

Lew. Upon your Lives, let no man paſs that way;
Make that your Poſt.
Briſ. Your Grace ſhall be obey'd.
Lew. So if the darkneſs of the place protects him,
If he eſcapes my hands, he'l fall in yours. *Exeunt.*

The Scene open'd; Clarmount *and* Fredigond *are diſcover'd together.*

Enter Lewis.

Clarm. Here all our joys are ſafe; no envious eyes,

No

No rudeneſs will this humble Seat ſurprize.
Nor can ill Fate our ſecure Loves betray:
No fire can guide a Jealous King this way.
Ferd. Oh my dear *Clarmount*, 'twas unkindly done
To have my pleaſures hinder'd by my Son,
Conſidering 'twas I that made him King;
'Twas I that ſet his Fathers ſoul on wing.
Lew. Ye Gods, what a diſcovery have I made:
Had ſhe a hand too in my Fathers Murder! *Aſide.*
Ferd. And yet Heav'n knows how I abhor'd the ſin;
Yet for thy ſake could act it o're agen:
To kill a Husband, was a crime ſo horrid,
As ſtartled me to enter in my thoughts,
Till Love preſented me objects ſo gay,
As inſtantly drew the dark Scene away.
Clarm. We are betray'd.
Lew. Stir Traytor, and thou dyeſt:
[*Holds a Dagger at his Breaſt.*

Briſac.

Enter Briſac, Nigrello, *and* Souldiers.

Briſ. My Lord.
Lew. That Monſter is thy charge.
Clarm. *Nigrello* in the Plot. Oh credulous Fool!
Lew. Thou glorious Light, that in thy natural Orbe
Did'ſt comfortably ſhine upon this Kingdom,
How is thy worth Eeclips'd? what a dull darkneſs
Hangs round about thy Fame? in all this piece
To every limb whereof, I once owed duty:
I know not now where to find out my Mother.
Queen. The Devil and diſobedience blinds your eyes.
Lew. Oh that I had no eyes, ſo you no ſhame:
Murder your Husband to arrive at Luſt,
And then to lay the blame on Innocence:
Bluſh, bluſh, thou worſe then Woman.
Queen. Ha, ha——
Lew. Hold my heart.

You're

You're impudent in sin; has your lustful Villain
Made you thus Valiant?

Queen. How dareſt thou cleath thy ſpeech in ſuch a phraſe
To me thy Mother?

Lew. Adultrate Woman, ſhame of Royalty,
I bluſh to call thee Mother, yes to think it.
Whilſt I reflect upon thy tainted blood,
I doubt the pureneſs of my own. The ſpring head
Defiled, who knows but the under ſtream may be
Corrupted: I am all diſtraction,
And dare not talk too long on ſuch a ſubject,
Leaſt wildneſs conquering my ſofter ſenſe,
Thruſt forth my hand into an act of horrour.

Queen. Inſolent Boy, wilt thou turn Parracide?

Lew. The juſtice of my cauſe would well excuſe
Me, if I ſhould. *Nigrello.*

Nigr. Sir, your pleaſure?

Lew. Nature forbids me ſpill my Mothers blood,
And *Clarmount* is unfit for my Revenge;
For I muſt ſtudy torments for the Villain.
This is the Night that the Confederates
Begin the work: Therefore I give 'em up
To thy Tuition, till I ſhall return
Victorious, then we'll determine of 'em.

Exeunt Lewis *and* Briſac.

Queen. Did I for this, ungrateful Traytor, truſt
My honour in thy hands?

Clar. Did ſhe for this
Beſtow her Princely ſmiles on thee, prefer thee,
Rayſe thee to honour, and rewards above——

Nigr. No more, I have no time for words or thoughts
Of any thing but Juſtice, take 'em hence,
And lodge 'em in that Dungeon which I told you.

Exeunt Fredigond *and* Clarmount
forced out by Guards.

All

All goes as I could wish: The King's possest
Aphelia has been Debaucht by *Clarmount*.
And this Nights work
Strengthens that Faith, for *Clarmount* being removed,
By his strange and sudden absence, 'twill be thought
He lyes conceal'd, and that concealment seem
Th' effect of guilt, by which I'le work the King
To a belief he thinks his crime discover'd,
And is retired t'avoyd the punishment.
What prospect of Revenge am I arriv'd to.
Their confidence in my Honesty destroys 'em.
What safer policy then seeming just?
The greatest prop of Treachery is Trust.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT the Fifth. Scene the First.

The Scene a Prison. *Clarmount* and *Fredigond* appear bound.

Enter Nigrello.

Clarm. ART thou here?
Perfidious Slave, is this the gratitude
Thou pay'st thy Royal Mistris?
Queen. Barbrous Villain,
Thou hast out-done even thy own Native soyle,
And made thy self a Monster, more deform'd
Then e're thy *Africk* bredd.
Nigr. Go on.
Clarm. Oh Impudence!
Hear me ye sacred Pow'rs, in punishment

To

To such Ingratitude, may you invent
A Plague, for yet your Vengeance never sent
On all the sinners since the Worlds Creation,
One bad enough for him. But if the Gods
Are barren at Invention, let 'em joyn
All their old Plagues in one; and if that prove
Too light, add my Gall to't to make it weight.
Nigr. You're not so good at Curses, as I am
At pardoning 'em: Thus I reward your Rage. [*Unbinds 'em.*
Clarm. What means this Pageantry? some fair disguise
To palliate thy guilt. Mock us with freedom,
To cut our throats more pleasantly. Is't not
Enough to kill, but you must have the vanity
Of a Surprize in acting it?
Nigr. You wrong me.
Clarm. 'Tis likely; you're so innocent the least
Spot stains you. First, betray our privacy
And thy Queens Honour, then to have her seiz'd
And drag'd by servile hands into a Dungeon,
Loaded with Chains, and all to have th'occasion
T'oblige her with the taking of 'em off agen.
How thin, and how transparent are thy cheats?
Nigr. Sir, t'undeceive you, know that I am guiltless:
And though I was the man that seiz'd you, sent you
To Prison, used all cruelty and rudeness
I could invent, 'twas all design'd to serve you.
Queen. He speaks like Oracles in Mysteries.
Nigr. And like them too speak truth. Your Son betrayd you:
But by what information he surpriz'd you
In so retired a place, I know not; but
Finding you were betrayd, and by the Prince
Beset; I, at the Alarm strait joyn'd
With the Confederates, appeared their Friend,
Pursued the chace more eagerly then they,
And was the first, and fiercest that attacqued you.
I first proposed this Dungeon for your Lodging,

And

And as kind Fate would have it, by that intreſt,
My Service to the Prince in his recovery,
Had gain'd me in his breaſt, It was thought honeſt,
And my deſign embraced. Thus was I made
Your Jaylour, and thus your Deliverer.

Clarm. Can this be truth?

Queen. He cant ſure be ſo great
A Villain as this makes him, if 't be falſe:
We have found him honeſt, this was not the firſt time
That he has been the Guardian of our Honour,
In places too, where had he then proved falſe,
Our Infancy had been more loud, and our
Diſgrace more publick then by ſeizing us
In ſo retired a place as this. Why not
A Villain then? If he intended Treaſon,
Why miſt he ſuch much fairer opportunities
To act it? no, he is, he muſt be honeſt.

Clarm. Since your miſtruſt is gone, mine too muſt vaniſh.

Nigr. But Madam, Courteſies that coſt us nothing,
Cannot be acts of Gratitude: Fate (I thank it)
To pay my Debts to you, a glorious path has ſhown,
By ſaving your Lives I expoſe my own:
But danger's welcome in ſo great a cauſe.

Queen. Nigrello, kind *Nigrello*, how I love thee.

Nigr. Your pious Son has ſuch ſtrict ſenſe of Honour,
That though perhaps Nature may intercede for You;
For *Clarmount*, he deſigns a death in Tortures:
But when he ſhall have heard I ſaved his Life,
What danger will my humble weakneſs run,
By the juſt anger of ſo great a Prince;
How eaſily am I cruſht by ſuch a hand:
Yet all this Madam, I dare undertake,
When acted for my Royal Mrs. ſake.

Queen. My kind preſerver, I want words to thank thee.

Nigr. I ask no thanks; all the requital I
Deſire, is, that you two would Love for ever.

Under the shelter of so blest an Union
I'm certain to be safe, whilst that Tye holds,
That sacred tye of Love, you'l cast some thoughts
On your poor humble Slave, and guard him from
An angry Princes rage: But if that Chain
Be ever broke, my shaken fortune sinks,
And all I am expires and dyes, if e're
You cease to Love——

Queen. If what we owe to thee,
Can by our Loves be paid, doubt not your Debtors,
We are too Rich in Love e're to be Bankrupts.

Clarm. When we cease Loving, we must cease to be!
Our Loves are Register'd in Heaven; or if
They be not yet, they shall be. Ye dull Destinies,
I'le dictate while you write. Our Love desires
To last as long as Fate, for I am serves
'Tis as unchangeable. To those fair Eyes
I'le dedicate my Life, my Soul, my——

Nigrello *stamps, and immediately a Company of Villains rush in with drawn Swords, and massacre the* Queen *and* Clarmount.

Nigr. Down, down with them you Dogs, one minutes Life
May save their souls. So, you've done well,
Lay their bodyes where I order'd,
And when I give the sign agen, be ready.

Exeunt Villains, *carrying out* Clarmount *and* Fredigond.
Revenge, oh dear Revenge. Name me the man
In Story that e're prosecuted Vengeance
So far as I have done. Had I took their lives
When they expected death, they then might have
Prepared for dying, and death would have been all.
But now to raise 'em to the hopes of Life,
Nay, and to work 'em up to vow the leading
A profane Life in an unlawful Lust,
And whilst the impious Vow was sealing, then
To stop th'Adultrous breath just in that minute,

As,

As damn'd their Souls, is revenge ſo charming.
But buſineſs now grows thick. Here I have lodged
Aphelia, and expect the King. Burn on,
Burn on my beſt loved Rage. Ye infernal Furies
Be kind, and heighten my weak gall; be but
My Slaves to day, and be my Saints to morrow.

Enter King *and a* Lord *attending him.*

Lord. The Caſtle is ſurrounded, and their number
Is twenty thouſand, and the greateſt part
Are *Childricks* Souldiers, Souls of blood and fire.
A fiercer Troop, and ſpirits more reſolved,
Life never put in action.

King. Let 'em come on,
This Caſtle will endure
A Fortnights Siege. Before which time's expired,
My Brother with the nobleſt blood of *France*,
Whom I have Commiſſion'd to ſuppreſs their out-rage,
Shall laſh theſe Rebels for their inſolence.
Leave us. *Nigrello.* *Exit* Lord.

Nigr. Sir.

King. Bring *Aphelia* in. *Exit* Nigrello.
Love, thou haſt had thy flight, now Hate take thine,
Whilſt my blind Faith believed her Chaſt, my Faith
Made my Devotion; I believ'd that Heav'n
Was lodged in her, and ſo I kneelt and worſhipt.
But now I ſee I have miſplaced my prayers,
And find that Idol-Beauty I adored,
No true Divinity: To expiate
My miſled Zeal, I'le put the falſe light out,
And down in duſt, low as the grave, degrade
That painted God my Superſtition made.

Enter Nigrello *and* Aphelia.

Aph. Is this my King? why wears your angry brow
So dark a Cloud? I have deſerved no frowns:

Yet by the calculation of your looks,
I find I have not long to Live.
Nigr. Yes, Live.
Confess, and turn thy Fate: Tell me what damnd
Infernal Fury tempted thee to quit
Thy Innocence, and leave a stain behind it
So deep, as spreads Contagion o're thy Soul.
Aph. How Royal Sir, what means——
King. Hold,
Confess thy Crimes, but make 'em not too horrid;
Say that thy sin was not so black; say that
The lustful Villain offer'd Marriage to thee;
And by a Trecherous and Perfidious craft,
Gilded the sin, till it look'd fair and lovely,
Abused thy tender years and weaker knowledge,
To take a possession of thy Virgin-Honour
Before the deeds were sealed that should convey it.
Say he betray'd thee.
Aph. Hold Sir——
King. That too much still.
Say that he gave thee philters, and so poyson'd
Thy purer Nature, till the infectious herbs
Had stupified that sense which was the guard
Of thy untainted Honour, till thy Soveraign
Reason was from its Royal seat deposed,
And so thy Frenzy, not thy Lust undid thee.
Aph. I am all horrour.
King. Hold; That shape's too black still;
Say that the Villain did it by surprize.
Found thee alone, or sleeping, and his Dagger
Pointed against thy heart, by force extorted
The fatal prize, whilst fear, not guilt betray'd thee.
Say any thing to make thee seem less monstrous,
Whilst I behold that face I love so well still,
I would not have thee fall from all that's good;
I fain would think thee Virtuous, if I could.

Aph.

Aph. Stay Royal Sir, and hear an injur'd Maid:
I've felt the Tyranny of Priſons, Chains,
My Soveraigns frowns; and thoſe I've born with courage.
But t'hear my King accuſe me of a Crime,
Of which my thoughts, nor dreams were never guilty.
If I betray'd my Virtue, I muſt lay
The Scene of Treaſon in ſome ſtrange dark place
As Sun ne're ſaw: For after ſuch a ſtain
I could not look Light in the face and live.

King. How impudent is Luſt, ſhe never thought,
Not ſhe, nor dreamt an ill. Becauſe ſome Charity
For her Soul, and ſome little kindneſs for her Beauty
Made me ſo fond, to wiſh her Crime might be
As little as it could, ſhe at next word
Has Innocence enough to ſtock a Saint,
And takes the borrow'd Name without a bluſh.

Aph. Miſtaken Sir, you are abuſed. What Monſter
Has ſome malicious Traytor rendred me?

King. Ask your Gallant, your *Clarmount.*

Aph. You diſtract me:
Clarmount, Sir, what of him?

King. You'd have me tell you:
The ſport's ſo Raviſhing, that by this Light,
She's for the pleaſure of the repetition on't.

Aph. Why do you ſhake my tender ſenſe, & offer
Such Violence to my chaſt ears? Indeed
If you could read my Soul, you would not talk
So like a Stranger to't. What-ever malice
Conſpires againſt your quiet and my Life,
By my beſt hopes of Heav'n, Heav'n that ſhould guard
The fame of Virtue, and the peace of Kings,
I'm injur'd, baſely wrong'd, and am ſo far
From what my King ſuſpects me, that I never ſpoke
To *Clarmount.*

King. You're wondrous good at ſigns then. Sure you rated
Your Honour at low price, to make no words

At parting with it. 'Sdeath, not speak to him!
What numerous Crimes
Attend on Lust? All other sins came singly.
The Murdrer kills a Man; the Sacrilegious
Plunders a Temple; the Blasphemer Curses
His God; and who makes more on't? But a Woman
That's Damnd in Lust, commits all sorts of sins.
The Hypocrite she must be; she appears
The thing she is not. Perjury's her study;
For she protests for Chastity. If she Marries
Her antidated Monster in the Bridal Night,
Wrapt in false light, snatches at unknown joys,
And cheated with a Conquest that required
Not half the pains he takes for't, thinks he has gain'd
An infinite spoyle; when Heav'n knows, long since
The Mine was ransackt, and the Treasure gone.
And next perhaps, the Issue of her Groom,
Or Page, is made her cousen'd Husbands Heir:
And thus not only her own blood's defiled,
But the base Canker spreads through Families;
And so one minutes sin leaves stains to Ages.
But to unriddle this dumb show of Virtue,
Though you were modest, and you durst not speak,
I'le try if you dare read. Is not that yours?

Shews her the Letter.

Aph. Yes Sir; and where's the offence of this?

King. She's witty with me. Where's the offence on't says she!

Aph. What's this I see, what a black line is here. *Reads.*

Be careful of my Honour, when I am Married and a Queen, our stolne pleasures will be more difficult, but shall not be less desired, nor less grateful to yours still Aphelia.

The greatest favour that you e're can grant me,
Tell me who gave you this.

Nigr. I gave it him.

Aph. I am betrayd. This false *Nigrello* told me
That *Clarmount* had prevail'd with you to quit

All

All Love to me, and give me to your Brother,
And then perſwaded me to write my thanks
To *Clarmount*, in acknowledgment of ſuch
An eminent favour. I, ſurprized at ſuch
A ſudden bliſs, what by my Brother, who
Confirm'd his words —

King. *Briſac* too in the Treaſon!

Aph. — And my own paſſionate deſires too apt
To take impreſſion from ſo fair a ſtamp,
Which eaſe believ'd ſo wiſht a ſtory; and
In height of extaſy, expreſt my ſenſe
Of *Clarmounts* Friendſhip in that Letter to him:
Which this unkind ill man, to ſpot my fame,
And ſhake your peace, has Treacherouſly corrupted,
And by that laſt forg'd line, ſubverted all
My innocent meaning.

King. Did you write that Poſtſcript?

Nigr. Yes.

King. And abuſed her Innocence?

Nigr. Aye Sir.

King. Can I believe my Ears.

Nigr. I know no reaſon
To th'contrary.

King. How Slave,
Art thou in earneſt?

Nigr. Why Sir, do I look
As if I jeſted?

King. Death, Hell, and the Devil!

Nigr. Death, Hell, and Devil; you do well to call 'em:
But trouble not your ſelf; they're near enough
To come without a call.

King. I'm all amazement:
But what I want in words, I'le ſpeak in deeds.

Offers to draw, at which Nigrello *ſtamps, and the former Villains ruſh in, ſeize, and diſarm him.*

You

You are too raſh: Kings may be Kings in Pallaces,
But not in Dungeons. 'Tis I am Monarch here.
Clotair, it would be Charity to kill you,
For you've outliv'd your pow'r. This day your Brother
By my Conſpiracy, converts that force
You lent him to aſſiſt the Rebels cauſe.
And you ſhall live to ſee him crownd. Releaſe him.
The Villains let him go.
King. Thou black Infernal Dog. Thank Heav'n that gave thee
A Face of ſuch a dye as cannot bluſh:
Or rather thank the Devil that lent thee Impudence
To be bejond the uſe or fear of bluſhing.
Nigr. But now I think on't better, Life's a burthen,
And I will eaſe you on't. Have at your heart.
Aph. Hold, hold *Nigrello*, ſtay, ſtay, ſave the King.
Interpoſing.
And I'le forgive thee all thy wrongs to Me.
Nigr. Peace fooliſh Woman, I that kill one King,
Have rais'd another; one too, that ſhall make
Aphelia Queen. But King, before thou dyeſt
Ile ſhew thee my Experience in Murder.
A Curtain drawn, Clarmount *and*
Fredigond *appear dead.*
King. My Mother dead! Inhumane Villain, though
I ſcorne to fear my Death, or ask my Life
Of thee, I'le condeſcend t'as mean an act
As King was ever guilty of; I'le ſtoope
To talk to thee, and ask thee what ſtrange cauſe
Made thee this Traytor.
Nigr. Think upon the wrongs
Of the abuſed *Chlotilda.*
King. What's her wrongs to thee?
Nigr. I'le not capitulate my Injuries.
Within: Long Live Lewis *King of* France.
Nigr. I hear my time is ſhort.
King. My Brother Crownd!
How! can the Slave ſpeak truth! *Nigr.*

Nigr. Now for thy blood. ——
I cannot ſtrike him: Oh relenting heart!
What Awe hangs on the brow of Majeſty.
Faint heart! A Man ſo long, and now turn Woman
In the laſt action of my Life. Here, take
This Sword: But I conjure you by the wrongs
That I have heap'd upon you, by the loſs
Of fair *Aphelia*,
To guide the point directly at my heart. *Gives him his Sword.*

King. What means this turn? But I've no time for queſtions.
A Villain and a Traytor dye with thee. *Kills him.*

Enter Lewis, Briſac, Burbon, Lamot, Dumane, *and* Attendants.

Lewis. *Aphelia*, welcome to my Armes. *Clotair*, Thou art thy Brothers Priſoner.

King. No Uſurper,
This gives me freedom. *falls on his Sword.*

Lew. Hold your hand.

King. No Rebel,
Your Mercy comes too late after your Treaſon.
I cannot looſe *Aphelia*, and out-live
That loſs. *Nigrello*, tell me who thou art;
For by thy glorious Villany, thy Wit,
Thy Courage, and thy Conduct, I am ſure
That blackneſs hides ſome noble blood. What art?

Nigr. *Chlotilda.*

Lam. How! my Siſter!

All. *Chlotilda.*

Nigr. Raviſht by thee *Clotair*, betrayd by *Clarmount*
And *Fredigond*, for which they are no more.
'Twas they ſeduced me to that fatal place,
Where you my Honour ſtole; 'twas they that ſpilt
My Guiltleſs Parents blood; and in requital
'Twas I betray'd them hither, where at once
I took Revenge both on their Lives and Souls.

But when I came to my last stroke of Vengeance,
After I had rob'd thee of a Crown and Mrs.
To kill thee King, there, there, my fury stope,
Thou hadst injur'd me, yet I would dye by Thee.
And though I had worne so long a masculine shape
For all my other Scenes of Cruelty,
I put on my own Sex again to dye.

Dum. Our Sister and our Patroness! This Revenge
Is an Estate to th'Family; 'twill make
The *Dumane* race immortall.

Nigr. Now I dye. *To* Lewis.
Grant me this favour for the Crown I gave you,
Though I have justly wrought your Brothers fall,
I must not blast his Fame after his Death:
He was no Murd'rer till I made him one;
Your Fathers Destiny was your Mothers Crime.
But oh I dye. When elder time shall rip
This story up, be courteous to my Fame;
Call not these Ruines Treason, but Revenge,
A satisfaction due to an Injur'd Lady.
Call me an honourable Murderer,
And finish there as I do. *Dyes.*

King. Art thou gone?
Farewell thy Sexes Champion; thou hast acted
A cruel part so high, so well, that it
Commands applause from those it has destroy'd.
And Rival Brother, if you dare be just,
Build her a Pyramid for a Monument.
But whilst
I give her Cruelties pardon, I forget
To ask it for my own. Injur'd *Aphelia*,
Forgive a sin greater then what thy Chains
And this black Dungeon brands me with. Forgive
My Impious Faith that durst believe a wanton
And unchast thought could harbour in thy Breast;
A Seat, Divinities would choose to dwell in.

Here

Here I would gaze for ever, but an envyous darkneſs
Hangs on my Eyes, farewell. Muſt we part then?
Is King and Lover ſuch a mortal name?
Where's all my mighty Vows? Where's all
My paſſionate Devotion to the fair *Aphelia*?
Shrunk to a poor faint Sigh, a dying look,
A cold farewell to Love; and then no more. *dyes.*

Aph. Farewell great Soul, when in thy glorious flight
Thou haſt reacht thy high Immortal Seat above,
Forget thy harſh and rigid Fate below,
And borrow ſo much Mercy from that Heav'n,
Of which thou makeſt a part, to pardon faults
Unkind *Aphelia* had not pow'r to ſhun:
Who to ſuch kindneſs could ſo cruel prove,
Wanting a heart to pay ſo great a Love.

Lew. What ſtrange intrigues has Fate wrought up to day?
Diſguis'd *Nigrello*, the abus'd *Chlotilda*!
And I by falſe ſuggeſtions blindly led,
Have aimd a Sword againſt a guiltleſs head:
Depoſed a Brother to Revenge a Father.
Thy Rage was juſt, but mine was too ſevere.
The ſad reſentments of my fatal errour,
And thy wrongs, ſpread a darkneſs o're my Soul
That mis-becomes this day.
But Tears are all, we to the dead can pay;
And whilſt I view ſuch happineſs ſo near
My griefs at this bright Object diſappear.
But injur'd Prince t'appeaſe thy angry doom,
I'le be a pious Mourner at thy Tomb,
When my great joys, and my *Aphelias* charms
Will give me time t'attend thy Sacred Duſt,
And Love afford me leiſure to be juſt.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

POST-SCRIPT.

THis Play is founded on a Tragedy call'd the Fatal Contract. And in the two First Acts, there is much of the Original Copy remaining. But from Page 25th. 'tis entirely New to the End, excepting the Last Scene in the 4th. Act, and a little Scene beween Dumane, Lamot, and Burbon. For in the Fatal Contract, after the Supposed Death of Lewis, In the 2d. Act, Aphelia in the very next Scene after, at First Word asking, much like the Ephesian Matron, Marries the King her Lovers Murderer, which quite varied the Intrigue to the End of the Play. I could make Excuses for putting an ill Head upon Worse Shoulders; Or tell you as some of our Impertinent Tribe do, that 'twas Written in three Weeks, or a Months time, if I thought any Reasonable Man, would be more Favourable to the Defects of the Play for such an Apology. But as I am Sensible, that that Excuse to a Play, would be much like that of a Builder, that after the fall of a House, shall tell you, truly he Built slightly, and chose an ill Foundation; I will not urge that Plea for the Plays Defence; which in the best Interpretation must render an Author Lazy, if not Dull: In the first of which, he shews himself Impudent, when he dares be so Disrespectful to an Audience, as to obtrude such incorrect Stuff upon 'em, as he is, or ought to be ashamed of: Or else proves himself a Blockhead, and makes that Excuse, when really he wanted Abilities, not Leisure to write better.